

GOD'S PRINCIPAL JOKES.
OUR INVISIBLE AMERICAN KING.
WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?
THE WOMAN ACCOMPLICE.
THE BIOLOGICAL STUDY OF SEX.

—IN THIS NUMBER.

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AUGUST—1907

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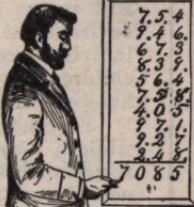
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With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

Private Ownership is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

Group Ownership is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

RENUNCIATION

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a To-MORROW group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, *hirelingship* being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

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BUREAU OF GROUP ORGANIZATION

We are conducting a Bureau of Group Organization and in this number we print a list of some fifty industrial, educational and agricultural groups, each conducted on lines different from the rest.

We believe that to make the socialist ideal, a *coöperative commonwealth*, practical and operative, along with the movement toward political socialism, there should be coincident *educational movement* thru the means of many group organizations, whereby people may be gradually prepared and accustomed to living socially. Perhaps after several thousand groups get into successful operation, eventually a *GROUP TRUST* may be formed which in effect will be "*A Coöperative Commonwealth.*" We seek correspondence on this subject.

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To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor
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OUR INVISIBLE KING

Every king has ever maintained his place of power and wealth just to the extent that the people were willing to MAKE-BELIEVE that he was an important personage, that he was respectable. Kings have held their places by this make-believe—remove the make-believe and the king becomes a hobo.

In addition to the ignorance and superstition of the masses on which kings have always relied, they naturally through thousands of years instituted such systems, regulations, superstitions, punishments and modes of education as were best adapted to perpetuate their power—*be convinced* all the king's moral systems, laws and ceremonials were originated for his own express benefit and gratification.

Taking an inventory of our own government, systems, courts, punishments and institutions which guide our methods of life and shape our forms, professions and customs, it is seen that we have lifted the entire modus-operandi that has grown up around the kings of Europe and taken it over wholesale for our own use, and knowing it was originated for the use of kings to control a subjected people, we look about us with some consternation for the tyrant in our political and economic wood pile. Do we find him? Yes—our network of business interests is OUR INVISIBLE KING, and our codes, our courts and institutions are devoted to his profit and gratification.

This invisible tyrant actually walks in the footsteps and employs the fetters forged by our ancestral rulers across the sea, whose whims have destroyed millions of worthy people by quick and slow death. If to kill is criminal then it is criminal to be a king, and those who employ the systems and institutions expressly originated by and for kings are also criminals. LET US NO LONGER RESPECT THE INSTITUTIONS AND CODES OF OUR INVISIBLE KING.

Though employing unusual foresight and honesty of purpose in the organization of this government, it was impossible for our forefathers to know that within one hundred years this invisible king would usurp the power which they gave the people; a king, soulless, relentless, persistent, whose power now controls the political, economic and moral destinies of our land.

To state the case with utmost clearness, in the growth of corporations and their large capitalization, they have become owners of all the banks, railways, hotels, mines, newspapers, traction companies, commercial institutions and manufacturing companies, and all of these corporations having thousands of shareholders, and these various shareholders sometimes owning stock in fifty to a hundred different companies, forms A NETWORK OF MUTUAL INTEREST more powerful and conscienceless than any despotism the world has ever known, and in its determination to control courts, schools, finances and politics it employs the police and military departments to enforce the very codes, institutions and standards of morality by which European kings have held the people in bondage for thousands of years.

You are called upon *now* to dethrone this INVISIBLE KING, establish democracy in our schools, reorganize our systems of punishments and rebel against being tried by any other code except THE WORKINGMAN'S STANDARDS OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

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VOL. 3.

AUGUST, 1907.

No. 8.

RATIONAL EVERYTHING

With this issue To-Morrow commences a new era in the expression of Rational Life, Rational Thought, Rational Food, Rational Books, Rational Clothing, Rational Headgear, Rational Footgear, Rational Recreations, etc., for not only are we convinced that no publication can be truly educative that depends solely on writing and preaching, but our staff of helpers will hereafter spend half of their time and gain suitable exercise in preparing Rational Health Foods of perfect purity that will be advertised in our columns at reasonable prices and we have also arranged to supply our customers with imported Mexican Sandals that will insure healthy and cool feet; "Vegetarian Socks" for those who need such, besides a full line of sensible and Rational Wearing Apparel for both men and women.

Our co-workers are all athletes and models of health, because we eat only two meals a day and live on "Rational" Foods and we have therefore established a department to be known as THE TO-MORROW RATIONAL HEALTH HOME, in which we will accept for cure without drugs those who have been living wrong and whom if they have enough vitality left to build upon we will guarantee to bring into perfect health if they will follow our methods.

The Federation of Miners, in conjunction with labor organizations all over the country, have raised nearly two hundred thousand dollars for the defense of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The lawyers and friends of these men have fought the mine owners, the state officials and their personally conducted court to a standstill. Every workingman in the United States knows that these men are innocent, no matter what evidence is brought in, no matter whether they are condemned or acquitted, because American workingmen do not believe in the standard of right and wrong employed by the mine owners' court, any more than those people who threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor believed in the standard put forward by the English officials who levied the tax.

Everything is ready for an economic revolution in this country, and if the states' attorneys and governors of Idaho and Colorado, in combination with their personally conducted courts, can succeed in condemning and sentencing the federation officials, or even Haywood alone, then the revolution will come at once, and it will win, otherwise it will be delayed until the future presents some other climax.

It would appear heartless to encourage an extreme sentence of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, though history furnishes numberless instances where Freedom's cause could only be

advanced by the sacrifice of similar heroes. What would the cause of Christianity have amounted to if Jesus had not been crucified? Will history record it—Bunker Hill—Sumter—Boise?

Our Invisible American King, made up of the inter-related financial interests of those in power, will fight to the last ditch. Capitalism will die hard. No ruling class has ever recognized any other control but *suppression*, and it seems doubtful whether any of our present government officials will have insight enough to compromise.

Owing to the recent exposure of Pinkerton labor spies who, in the hire of capitalists, have worked their way into official positions in labor unions a very tense, earnest and suspicious state of mind has been engendered among those who are actively engaged in these organizations—it is the state of mind that has maintained in the past when bodies of earnest men have combined to put informers out of the way, when secret conclaves have met to brand with a hot iron the forehead or cheek of associates with the word "Spy"—it is the tremulous, turbulent, fearful state of mind that precedes revolution.

Suppose our government officials were men who really wished to punish those who took what did not belong to them, suppose we had a government that really wished to force people to stop stealing? Would not Paul Morton be now lying in jail for his connection with the Santa Fe rebates? Why was not Paul Morton sent to jail instead of being quietly dropped and recommended for another position? Because the "wise Theodore" realized that once started it could not stop with Morton, and that before the storm could possibly blow over every railway head and trust magnate in the country would be doing time in stripes within a year, and that is exactly what will happen as soon as judges and prosecuting attorneys are elected who will handle their cases in accordance with the workingman's standard of right and wrong.

Is the revolution on? Note the change that has taken place in the last ten years. The subserviency of John D. Rockefeller on the witness stand in Judge Landis' court. He trembled with fear and hesitated; this man who presented fifteen millions to a university where pupils are taught a system that will enable them to live without work. Ten years more of economic revolution, even with no other crisis, will record such further advance in human freedom as is next to inconceivable at this date.

Glancing back over the above paragraphs I find that I have written the truth. Is it not strange that always in the past it has been dangerous to write the TRUTH? To this hour it is still the same and will so continue until TRUTH gets to have a majority—up to now we are still floundering in 97 per cent of error.

While our contemporaries acknowledge that their success depends on supplying "dope" to their readers, notwithstanding the risk to my character as well as my pocketbook, I shall continue to write in TO-MORROW just as near the TRUTH as I know how.

Judging from letters received it does not seem to be understood by some of our readers that To-MORROW editorials are written from the standpoint of general evolution. The truths of mathematics and evolution are the same. I do not write "opinions" and it will be as whimsical to find fault with *me* for what I write as to charge me with the iniquities of the multiplication table.

To persecute me for my "opinions" is futile, for I have none —my plan of writing consists simply in pointing out the relationship of ideas that seem to harmonize with the sum of human knowledge. No opinion of mine can have any standing as against the multiplication table or any related facts that are in harmony with it.

ONLY BUGS

We are not surprised when social units of the caliber of bees promptly overpower and sting to death any member of their group immediately it appears in their midst with any new form of decoration—a yellow tuft on the head, some unusual substance collected on the back or thighs, etc. We do not expect a higher intelligence from bugs—we do not consider those kind of creatures capable of discriminating or differentiating, they go it blind; but does not humanity go it blind, notwithstanding our boasted intelligence?

The bee promptly destroys any member of its group that appears in an unusual garb, or acts in an unconventional manner. We criticise, ostracize and condemn those who do not think and act according to the fashion to which we are accustomed. We, at least some of us, know the law of life and the value of individuality and the unaccountable fact is, that we supposedly intelligent beings go on destroying originality and initiative just the same.

It is nothing to me if others do not adopt my fashion of thought, life, dress, diet, etc., but I am sane.

The other day I called upon some Hindoo friends who in good humor decorated my head with a turban, their native head-dress.

Why should I not feel free to take a trolley car or walk through the streets to my home in this oriental headgear? Surely an immaterial exterior innovation compared with the far more revolutionary tendencies germinating on the inside of my head.

We are not surprised that the dull bee thinks it has cause to fear the portent of a yellow tuft on the head of one of its members, as a manifestation of some grievous danger to come, but WE are supposed to be intelligent beings—we are supposed in free America to understand the advantage of individual action and taste, for even in our kindergartens we encourage initiative and differentiation in thoughts, dress, diet, manner of living, etc., all of this being in the order of progress.

I wore the Hindoo head-dress through the streets to my home; not for the comment it might make, not to be conspicuous, not to experience the wonder and guesses of the rabble (bugs), but merely to enjoy the impulse of the moment, as one now and then raises the eyes, strikes the breast, shuffles the feet or does any other immaterial thing.

My walk through Chicago streets wearing a Hindoo turban

convinced me that my fellow citizens are still bugs—that they have bug intellects—that they take a bug interest in the affairs of other people, and that they are yet unintellectual, incapable of self-guidance and entirely unfit to live on any except the bug-house plane that marks their present characters.

TO THE SATISFIED

No, Mr. Conservative and Mrs. Orthodox, I do not think as you do or live as you do, nor dress, eat or drink as you do. My way of life and thought, if adopted by all, would cause Supernaturalism, Slaughter-houses, Gluttony, Preachers, Prostitutes, and the pretensions of the Idle Rich to go out of business at once, for want of patronage.

What is the difference between us?

You are satisfied with things as they are and accept tradition, with its dead ghosts of ignorance, for your guidance.

Accepting the Sum, the "Network" of Latest Scientific Knowledge for guidance, I am appalled at the slowness with which humanity puts its knowledge into use.

You, Mrs. Orthodox, and you, Mr. Conservative, do not realize that you are upholding the very viewpoint that is responsible for both the degeneracy of the Idle Rich and the degradation that makes vagrants, food adulterators and smug hypocrites.

I am for Renovation, Regeneration, Revolution.

WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?

Few people realize that our prevailing conceptions as to what acts are criminal, are entirely in accordance with the tests of despotism, viz.: we have accepted the dictum of our ancestors, who lived under despotic conditions, we still permit ourselves to be tried by the Ghosts and Tyrants long since dead.

In a country ruled by the people and for the people, in fact not in theory, it naturally follows that it is the interests of the people and not of the Rulers that must be conserved, in accomplishing which, not only the order and degree of criminality must undergo an entire transformation, but it is clear that as people become more free, many acts considered "criminal" under despotism become entirely justifiable and completely blameless under democracy.

With a view of presenting this subject in a form so that it may be thoroughly understood and appreciated, I have compiled a table, in which an attempt is made to classify, in their order, the various crimes with which society is now obliged to contend, placing the most criminal and detrimental first on the list and the balance, in their order, down to the lesser crimes which deserve the least punishment.

In deciding upon the various degrees of criminality the criterion employed has not been either tradition or prejudice, but is based entirely upon the extent to which the infractors are a detriment to the progress and well-being of human society, and it naturally follows that whatever punishments are inflicted for the commission of these crimes, should be the greatest for the greatest crimes, less for the lesser crimes and least for the least.

It is an astounding fact that notwithstanding our vaunted standards of this age and civilization, our courts and legislatures have never yet seemed to feel the need of establishing a systematic order whereby all may know the varying degrees of criminality, in order that justice may be fully done when fixing

the degrees of punishment. The fact that our courts still continue to deal out punishments in a hap-hazard manner; that the legislatures of different states seem to have entirely overlooked the need of getting together and agreeing upon a schedule of various degrees of criminality, is merely one of the indications of the fundamental dishonesty originally born out of the whims of political tyrants, which modern economic tyrants and grafters seem to be only too glad to retain and profit by. No need to seek real justice they say; only a few thousand people's lives at stake every year, *that is all.*

THE WOMAN ACCOMPLICE

From Houston, Va., comes the report that Judge W. G. Loving is acquitted of the murder of Theodore I. Estes, a mere boy, shot while at work unloading a freight car, by the Judge, whose daughter, a foolish child, had drank too much whiskey and when brought before her father, laid it (of course) to the fault of Estes, with exaggerations.

Away from the pressure of *community opinion*, without interest in Virginian Chivalry or acquaintance with any of the parties concerned, with no desire to uphold "unwritten law," and no particular faith in the efficacy of "punishments," let us see how this case looks when bared to disinterested analysis.

When shot, the boy, unconscious of danger, was engaged in useful, honest labor the mortal virtue of which his destroyer was unable to appreciate, having been for years in a position of authority and a notorious hard drinker, the effect of which is to invariably stultify the souls of those who imagine themselves called into the world especially privileged to rule and destroy others.

As the matter now stands, young Estes, probably as upright and conscientious a young man as there was in the entire state of Virginia, *is dead*, the foolish girl accomplice to his destruction is alive and well, and his murderer, exonerated by his neighbors and the courts, is being lionized and made a hero of by his brutal and unthinking friends.

So terrible is the situation, knowing as we do that it will poison the minds of thousands of young men throughout the country, who for years to come will await the opportunity to "kill their man" and be made *heroes* of also, that it should cause us to pause in this mad rush of passion and prejudice, and consider whether, if we believe in punishments at all, a way cannot be devised to bring murderers to justice and force those who are responsible for violent deaths to receive the full punishment for their crimes.

There is really but one road to justice in such murder cases as those of Theodore Estes, Stanford White, etc. In the case of Estes the responsible parties are *Elizabeth Loving* and *W. G. Loving*, her father, and they should have been indicted together and punished together as accomplices in the crime, and it is in the separation of this *joint responsibility* that the quibbling of lawyers in the interest of rich and influential criminals have shown a way whereby these murderers are allowed to escape and thus permit unpardonable crimes against the law to go unavenged.

The utterly silly and nonsensical procedure in refusing to admit evidence to show that Evelyn and Elizabeth Loving both lied and that in each case these women were accomplices in the dull murders committed at their instigation, is in no wise a diffi-

cult problem to solve, and the question arises, How many more men will these lying, hypocritical women lay away in their graves before a halt is called by passing laws that will make them equally responsible with the murdering idiots who fall into their trap?

The criminal dishonesty of lawyers and courts who admit the employment of senseless twaddle in the way of buncombe, vanity and appeals to State Pride in order to influence the jurors, just because they know they are ignorant, is a relic of the regime of lying despotism that would have been abolished a hundred years ago if America was really "the democracy" that we have cracked ourselves up to be. But what can we expect as long as communities continue to confer the title of "judge" on such murderous, irresponsible, man-hunting villains as W. G. Loving has proved himself to be?

STATE PRIDE—DELAWARE

Among the over-worked, meaningless fetishes which political spellbinders employ to catch voters, and court lawyers invoke to befuddle ignorant jurors, is the worn-out and thread-bare "excuse" called STATE PRIDE.

Attorney Lee at Houston, Va., in pleading for the acquittal of his client, Judge Loving, is said to have spoken for several hours and brought the jury to tears by his oratorical outbursts wherein he declared that "Virginians" must not permit their state to falter in its willingness to commit brutal murder in the "protection of womanhood," that the "Great State of Virginia" could not permit itself to be classed with those that did not have citizens willing to shoot down hard working, defenseless boys to satisfy the blood thirstiness of drunkard judges; and now comes Delaware with a "State Pride" so pronounced and sincere that recently *under the law* nine prisoners were publicly whipped on their bare backs by the prison warden at Wilmington, each one receiving from five to forty lashes, so cutting and furrowing the flesh that the blood streamed down their backs and the prisoners were obliged to go to the hospital for cure. WHERE IS THE "STATE PRIDE" OF THE PEOPLE OF DELAWARE?

Adam Ward, eighteen years old, made a frantic appeal to the two hundred spectators gathered in the workhouse stockade while the warden plied his bare back with forty strokes of his terrible whip. The youth became so weak that he had to be dragged to his feet to receive the blows and this was only a part of his punishment for a small robbery as he was obliged to spend a year in prison as well.

So completely have we absorbed the institutions and methods of European tyrants and despots that the legislators of Delaware seem to be unable to perceive the unpardonable discrepancy between the use of the whipping post and the inductive method of education now employed in kindergartens, as well as colleges, and being introduced into family life and between friends and lovers as the only means by which to bring out the highest and noblest elements in human character.

NOTE.—While my usual method of presenting such truths as the following is to employ *the scientific interpretation of life*, it seems necessary to explain that this article is really written for large general circulation in book form among people whose belief in a personal God and special creation will enable them to better understand the fundamental depths of the truths herein expressed, when stated in the form chosen.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

God's Principal Jokes

BY SERCOMBE HIMSELF.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."—Psalms 2:4.

Though Nietzsche seems to have been the first philosopher to express the fact that God was a humorist I do not recall that any writer has ever detailed the character of the principal jokes which the Creator has played on mankind.

Emerson, Aristotle and many others have discoursed on "the mysterious ways of Providence," "our progress by indirection," "the law of compensation," etc., but I believe that nowhere in literature has there been set down any kind of a list of the Divinity's practical jokes, with the full meaning and the intent thereof as here set forth.

THE MEDICINE HOAX.—Starting with a hoax of lesser magnitude, partly with the desire of keeping the best for the last, let us indulge ourselves in a hearty laugh at the "materia medica" joke, for surely it is an irresistibly funny thing to note the way Jehovah has for several thousand years set us to work searching out all kinds of herbs, chemicals and nostrums—how for hundreds of years "medicine men" and alchemists bestirred themselves to seek out elixirs of life, etc., and, after causing millions of physicians and chemists to write millions of books and fill millions of bottles and boxes with the results of their discoveries, we find it all a hoax, *materia medica* a fake; that no one can live an improper life and remain healthy, no matter what kind of chemicals they take; and on finding after all these thousands of years of search the medicines discovered are entirely unfit for the purpose intended we turn and ask, "Why are we put to all this trouble, why did God play this joke on mankind?" The answer is (1) the search and experimentation furnished mental exercise that helped to develop the brain of man, and (2) in order to "know all things and become as gods" man had to know chemistry and God employed the medicine hoax as the surest means of stimulating man to search out the mysteries of nature, write books, fill bottles and learn the constitution of matter. **GOD HAS FOOLED US FOR SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO FORCE US TO DISCOVER THAT CHEMISTRY IS A SCIENCE, THAT MEDICINE IS A HOAX AND THAT WE CAN ONLY KEEP WELL BY LIVING CORRECT LIVES.**

THE RELIGION HOAX.—We may well ask "what could have been God's aim for throwing humanity into a turmoil of discussion in relation to Himself, instituting wars and massacres, subdividing the world into thousands of creeds," etc., only to discover at last that the divine power exists in every atom; that every moment is judgment day with us, that we are constantly remaking and creating ourselves mentally, morally and socially, and that the whole old-fashioned scheme of churchanity is merely another one of God's jokes. The cost has been tremendous—but there must be a sufficient compensation somewhere, for true it is that a careful study into all of God's expensive practical jokes invariably reveals a gigantic scheme in harmony with eternal law, a plan of racial improvement by indirection, sure, beneficent and effective.

It is surely a wise plan of our Creator to place us in a position to "find ourselves," to develop our own faculties, to discover

our own relationship to the universe, and in so doing through thousands of generations gradually develop our powers, the multiplicity and complexity of our nerve centers and brain cells, all preparatory to becoming fit to cope with the marvelously complex world of the future. It is a well-known law of heredity that we transmit our acquired variations, that is, the mental and physical changes that are wrought within ourselves by exercise in the struggle for existence are transmitted from parents to children in an ever increasing rhythm, and what other plan of speculation could possibly be initiated that would give so wide and divergent an opportunity for discussion, inquiry and gymnastics for the development of the mind as for God to initiate serious differences of opinion in regard to Himself. Surely the law of compensation has been fulfilled, for besides being the mother of Poetry, Music, Art and Architecture, religious discussion has caused the brain cells to be multiplied a million fold; interest, zeal, excitement, spirituality, earnestness are all faculties that mankind has developed in the struggle, and while we have been fooled for thousands of years the old religion is proved a hoax, and we are turning to new ideals, the joke has done its work and the purposes for which it was sprung have been plentifully fulfilled.

THE GOVERNMENT HOAX.—It is in this one of God's jokes on mankind that we are enabled to get the key to His system. We know that for countless thousands of years the same laws of evolution that have reigned over us and over the stars, and over every race of animals, even to insects and plants, have also held sway over the human species. Among wild groups, swarms, and herds it is easily observable that the divine laws have worked with wonderful precision and developed through evolution the most perfect forms of government, government entirely dependent upon the inner convictions and acquiescence of the units, in no instance, except with man, dependent upon gross external control.

Up to a certain point in man's evolution he was satisfied to accept natural law, the same as all the rest of God's creatures, but when he became self-conscious he grew arrogant and egotistical and set up a lot of crude laws of his own, all dependent upon external control or compulsion. *Herein lies the joke.* Why has God for several thousand years permitted man to fool himself into the belief that he was capable of much better self-guidance by a lot of artificial forms and ceremonies than by the use and acceptance of the perfectly voluntary system adopted by other creatures? So persistent throughout all tribes, nations, primitive and advanced races has this compulsion method of organization been manifest among humankind alone that it is clear that it must be another of God's crafty jokes, and, sure enough, when we come to examine into the "method" back of the madness His plan for initiating this governmental provision is seen clearly to be for the purpose of developing system and organization, for throughout our entire educational and economic life, especially in cases of corporations employing as high as fifty thousand workers, controlled by a single head, it is seen that by no other means could all of this vast systematization be accomplished wherein we so completely out-distance all other of God's creatures except by the fantastic perversion of governmental compulsion. By and by, when the units of human society

come to understand their power and realize that they have all the right that those have assumed who have been controlling and seizing their produce for centuries they will take possession of their own, having gradually acquired the industry and capacity for management, and in doing so will receive it into their hand fully organized and systematized in a fashion that would have been impossible in any other way except that God for so many centuries has fooled them again, in this case with the hoax that they must be politically and economically controlled.

THE DRESS HOAX.—In the matter of dress a somewhat new element is seen to become a factor in the list of God's jokes on mankind. It is seen on visiting Arctic, Temperate and Torrid countries in various parts of the globe that types of dress have been adopted which have varied in accordance with the climate, material, skill in manufacture, tendency to elaborateness, etc., but in each country one remarkable feature of the hoax holds good, viz., it is not considered respectable nor modest, on the contrary it is "exceedingly vicious," *always*, to appear in any other dress than what the people have become accustomed to. In cold countries, where it becomes the custom to be very warmly and fully clothed, it is the height of immodesty, *especially for a woman* to show even the smallest portion of her neck or wrist in public. In temperate regions the custom of clothing the entire body, including the feet and the head, is so insisted upon that a person going out, even in sultry weather, without having the entire body fully clothed, down to foot gear and hat, is enough to have the delinquent pronounced both indecent and insane, and entirely excludes the culprit from equal association with his fellows. In torrid countries, where the natives are in the habit of going unclothed, it becomes a breach of etiquette to wear the slightest adornment, and among certain South Sea islanders the death penalty has frequently been inflicted upon women who have tried to add over conspicuously to their plentiful charms by wearing an over-sized breastpin or a too elaborate pair of bracelets.

The vital part of the joke which God seems to have planted everywhere is the seriousness with which every race views the slightest departure from conventional custom in dress, thus causing each race to centralize their ingenuity on whatever happens to be the prevailing custom, and thereby developing all there is of art, beauty or variety in the matter of adornment. Note the striking possibilities in the differentiation of dress between the naked Congo and Ethiopian and the American Negro dude—only two or three generations removed. While races that have dressed elaborately have developed beauty in dress to the highest point, those who have worn no clothes have vied with each other in developing beauty of the *body* to the highest point. As God clearly saw that the resources of nature would not be fully drawn upon nor the ability to manufacture fully developed without implanting the "DRESS HOAX" in the mind of man, He caused him to assume that it was immodest and improper to dress otherwise than in the fashion, and as a result, though the human physique has degenerated miserably in the process, a phase of knowledge and activity has been developed that could not be acquired in any other way.

GOD HAS FOOLED US by permitting us to grow into

the belief that it is "indecent" to dress differently than climate and expediency have dictated and at much sacrifice we have searched the devious channels of the world for materials and marvelously developed our talents in transportation and manufacture.

THE FOOD AND DRINK HOAX.—We have recently been assured with a great deal of profundity by the editor of the *Chicago American* that "owing to the diversity and variety of man's labors, he therefore requires a diversity and variety of food," and while *in a social sense* this is obviously true, from his view-point (that of the individual) it is rank nonsense. Many of those who have accomplished the greatest tasks in the world have lived on the simplest diet and notably those who have lived most simply and on the fewest foods have lived the longest and the most effective lives.

Why has God, with his knowledge of the infinitesimal as well as the infinite, implanted the destructive, glutinous and fantastic food and drink tendencies that are variously exhibited in long French bills of fare, midnight carousals, the development of thousands of useless food and drink preparations, the destruction of wheat nourishment by elaborate grinding and bolting, the maintaining of slaughter houses to supply unfit animal food and the idiotic expenditure of millions annually for tobacco which is neither food nor drink?

In the ridiculous food and drink habits of the rich which foster a destructive expenditure of energy and treasure, it is clear that the Creator has as usual certain indirect objects to attain—that while more people die of over-eating and wrong-eating than by all other causes combined, the ultimate benefits to be derived are far in excess of all the havoc that is wrought in the accomplishment. In all of God's practical jokes it is apparent that he takes no account (individually) of the life or comfort of persons. We seem to be placed here to gradually gather poise and balance through our own efforts no matter if it takes the destruction of countless thousands of generations to attain the final end. Only those who are quite conversant with the laws of evolution and heredity will get the full value of the *Food and Drink Hoax*, but it becomes a sublime picture when completely understood.

The tendency to gluttony and excess has created a demand for the products of every part of the Earth and has not only developed commerce with all of its details of mechanics, art of navigation, exploration, competition, etc., but has set the producers of the world to improving stock, raw materials, fruits, cereals, etc., until a perfection under cultivation has been reached that could not be arrived at in any other way. Add to this the development of Physicians and Hospitals with all their science and paraphernalia to care for the millions of sick and the lawyer to advise those who in traffic acquired wealth and the preachers to save their souls, and we have not touched upon but a small per cent of the generic beneficence of the Food and Drink Hoax.

In all of *God's Jokes* there is seen a motive to keep us busy physically, mentally, commercially—we are impelled to constantly respond to the law of motion, persistence of force, and while differentiating, combining, discovering, we not only bring more factors into the world but those who in this differentiation remain within rational laws survive and those who go to excess, either by too great or too little action perish because unfit.

It is clear that through the medium of our appetites, our vanities and our desire for conquest, God having finally through medium of the development of our own powers placed the products and materials of the world at our disposal—enabled us to set before ourselves daily the wholesome foods, the products of vineyards, the treasures of the sea, the wonders of the forest, the condiments of India, the trash of the slaughter house, the poison of wormwood, and all the seductive and ravishing juices and potions that Nature gives forth, and having given us the knowledge to supply ourselves with these we are enabled to take what we will, destroy or fulfill as we may elect.

God is the greatest of all kindergarten teachers. He has awakened our appetites, stimulated our spirit of avarice and adventure, caused us to garner the good and bad harvests of the world and He further permits those who wish to kill themselves with gluttony and debauchery to do so, leaving those with the stamina and intelligence to resist what is wrong and destructive to go on populating the world, for those only are to be the parents of future generations who in the face of plenty, with infinite variety of foods and drinks at their disposal, have the stamina, the poise, the sturdy character, self denial and abstemiousness to select only such nourishment as will give them the longest life and the greatest mental and physical powers—SURELY A MOST WISE AND WONDROUS PLAN OF INDUCTIVE EDUCATION.

THE CHARITY HOAX.—Let us take a really fundamental view of what is Charity. If the teachings of Jesus mean anything, if mankind are brothers, if the relationship between the units of human society really implies an extension into a larger family circle, what becomes of this word Charity? Why has the idea that giving Charity is a virtue been handed down to us from past ages as the expressed sentiment of Jehovah when we know that were society organized on a just basis there could be no such thing as Charity? This cannot be God's blunder so it must be another one of His jokes.

There is no factor of Charity in a beehive and these insects have under natural selection and without any works on Political Economy or Sociology developed the best form of government known to man. Why is it then that God has fooled us in this and permitted us to go on through the ages recommending Charity, personifying it as one of the "Three Christian Graces" and embodying it in Song, Poetry, Art and Architecture?

When the churches plan their annual free lunch graft it is done in the name of Charity. When society desires to make an unusually grand display of fine clothes and jewelry, the trophies of the economic struggle which men hang on their wives, they call it "a Charity Ball," all of which implies that there is a large class of unfortunates who do not have wherewith to eat and wear.

Plainly, Charity is only a virtue as a makeshift; as a temporary compromise during man's period of animalism. Charity, like mercy, has been supposed to be twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes. As a matter of fact, it is thrice accursed, destroying him that takes, and planting smug vanity in him that gives and wrecking whatever society practices it. As there is no supposed virtue that results in greater detriment or is better evidence of our degradation than Charity, and as it is clearly an outgrowth of human greed plus egoism, this one of

God's jokes must necessarily find warrant not in the direct effect of Charity upon humanity, but as an evidence of our alertness at self deception, a proof of our anxiety to muddle ourselves into a belief in our own goodness and self importance.

As gluttony is a form of egoism, so egoism is a form of gluttony, and that form of mental dry rot which manifests itself in being "smug," self satisfied, strictly "proper" and in the fashion in all things is as surely destined to work self destruction upon all its devotees as all other forms of drunkenness and excess, for sturdy children never have or ever can be the offspring of other parents than those who toil with their own hands and concentrate their minds chiefly on their work, hence, thanks to God's joke, Charity finally destroys both him that gives and him that takes.

THE WEALTH HOAX.—It would be in the natural order of development if the desire for great wealth should grow out of the experience of great need, for it is easy to understand that spurred for many generations by hunger and cold, any race might under more favorable conditions, become exceedingly provident on account of having experienced want, but failing in modern times to recall any populated country where the natural power of production has not been far greater than the consumption, we are obliged to seek other explanation for society's present craze for unlimited ownership.

It is easily conceivable that man in his natural state in a true spirit of thoughtfulness and providence would lay up enough each season to carry him through the rigors of winter as well as to supply himself with abundance for the period of old age when he could no longer toil, but the acquiring of hundreds of millions of property is clearly not an evolution out of this impulse, unless perhaps in a secondary sense. It was sometimes through great wealth and sometimes through physical strength that men became kings and chiefs of tribes and the king and his nobles glorying in their own preferment and prestige grew to delight in impressing others with their power and importance, sometimes through the magnificence of their dress and accoutrements, sometimes through badges and feats of arms and again by their trains of servants, by their palaces and broad acres.

It is easily observable that no king has ever been able to maintain his power for one or many generations except by permitting a considerable division of wealth and spoils among his nobles and captains, and caste growing up quickly among the wealthy finally became the chosen means by which, through magnificence in display, each might exhibit the extent of his power, the extent of his right to be a despot, the extent to which the king (the government) was ready to back him in his aggressions and usurpations.

While down to every village and cross-roads in this country this interpretation holds good that the desire for wealth is a desire for prestige and a relic of despotism dribbled down to us from a long line of ancestry who aped and fawned on kings, the question now arises, why is it, that for these thousands of years God has permitted this hoax to go on, has seemed to encourage the members of His Christian church and the people of all other devout nations to bow down automatically as it were, like mere animals, to this controlling power of wealth, not only acquiring all the property possible for themselves, but always fawning on those who have more than they—why is it that God has per-

mitted us to foolishly obsess ourselves all these years by this wealth microbe, when the real man is he who is satisfied with enough and has no desire to employ compulsion on his fellows or dazzle them with display? This is the answer: God's plan for the working out of a scheme to *perfect humanity* has taken but a few thousand years, through the means of the WEALTH HOAX and other jokes that He has played on us. It would probably have taken millions of years of evolution to accomplish what has been done in a few thousand except that greed, combined with vanity and superstition, has opened our mines, developed our sciences for commercial purposes, established colleges and laboratories, constructed great railroads and transportation facilities throughout the world, stimulated invention, fathered manufactures, taught the masses a million of things that they could not have acquired by individual endeavor. In the process, millions of people have laid down their lives in a struggle for wealth, health has been undermined, viciousness and vice have arisen as a scum on human society, labor and capital are brought into fierce conflict and what will occur as the generations pass—what one thing must occur—the wealth of the world, all systematized, its secrets uncovered, the world's work ennobled and operated with the least possible friction, all will be returned to the people for their common use and ownership, and all this the result of the WEALTH HOAX, one of the principal jokes which God has played on mankind.

THE PUNISHMENT HOAX.—It is in this special perversion that God exhibits the fact most clearly that He is humorously inclined, and while most of His practical jokes tend in some way or another toward beneficence it must be said that the good that grows out of punishment is exceedingly remote, to say the least. Why should God obsess man with the idea of punishment when life itself is a punishment? Man is the only one of all of God's creatures that fails to stop training his children when they have grown large enough to take care of themselves. The various forms of resistance which every animal and plant form on the face of the earth is obliged to overcome in order to live are surely sufficient for guidance, direction and discipline to enforce every needed act whatsoever, and in the great economy of nature it is easy to see that those who do not conform with this law of overcoming resistance and thereby acquiring the strength and character necessary to live in the face of the resistance offered, are the ones that perish, hence, the only forms of life that continue are those which deserve to continue, those equipped to resist, those with a stamina great enough to persist in the face of a natural punishment (resistance) that life itself affords. God not only clearly indicates this method and corroborates it in every field to which we may direct our attention, but provides unmistakably but one discipline, and that is the natural punishment of our wrong acts which in a sense disciplines us, guides us or destroys us, always in accordance with the great impersonal need. As before stated, every other creature but man knows when to stop directing its young, when to teach it self reliance by placing it upon its own resources to sink or swim according to its powers. But man, responding to a fantastic rhythm of useless theories, keeps on with his paternalism even to old age, until the obsession of punishment is so thoroughly fixed that every one in the world assumes a mental state in which he continuously punishes, scolds, ostracises,

jails or hangs every other person, so that this mental state has become *the racial busybody*, society's village gossip and executioner.

But why did God implant this punishment idea, why has the world been poisoned with it since Cain killed Abel? Surely not for the purpose of encouraging the development of willows, black sticks and rawhides, policemen's clubs and guillotines?—there is but one great psychological good that can come out of all this.

It seems to be a part of humanity's evolution that we are destined to pass through a period of hate, a state which to a large extent now exists, in which every one takes a vital interest in the affairs of others to their detriment, and that the next stage in our development will be a period of love wherein every human creature will take an interest in every other one to their benefit and not to their injury, and while the interest in all mankind is absolutely necessary, God must have known that this interest could not be inspired through love, but must first be inspired through hate, through gossip, through punishment, and after a while, as conditions should change, and love should come to be the controlling factor between human kind, nothing could be grander or nobler than that the interest in others be retained with its interaction on the plane of love instead of on the plane of mutual destruction.

Let us remember, then, that God is fooling us, that He only wishes us to bear each other in mind, to remember each other's needs, to think good of each other, and while keeping up this interest of each in each, though we are still working out our life problems in a spirit of selfishness, future generations will reap from our present miseries an abundant harvest of comradeship, mutual love and helpfulness.

THE SEX HOAX.—If God is in a place where He can go off every day and have a rousing laugh all by himself I am sure He does it whenever He stops to think how utterly and completely He has fooled humanity into the notion that procreation is wicked except under certain very special conditions, that it is immodest, that it is not fit to talk about, that it is unclean, that at times it requires immaculate conception, notwithstanding it is the only means which He himself has provided for perpetuating the races of all animals, plants, birds and fish.

If it were not for our egotism, greed and jealousy we would have no more reason to blush, disguise or hide the process of our birth than to feel embarrassed and discomfited when caught planting seeds in the garden, observing a hen on her nest or partaking of milk at table.

Between ourselves, living clean lives, thinking clean thoughts, indulging in no form of excess whatsoever, let us be unafeard and laugh too, just as God must do once in a while, to see how kingcraft and priestcraft during these thousands of years have completely perverted and poisoned our minds with the idea that sex is nasty, immodest or a reprehensible subject. Let us understand that in this matter we are merely the victims of king and priest who, training us into jealousy, greed and egotism for their own purposes, gradually learned to make use of the situation for their own whims and profit and encouraged the perversion and the poisoning of our ideas because it suited their purposes to do so.

When we think of the thousands who have committed suicide and murder because they did not dare to face those whose ideas relative to parenthood had been completely perverted by priests, when we understand that our present fashion of marriage grew out of purely a matter of money, the protection of property rights, when we know that the debasement of motherhood, both with and without the superfluous sanction of the priest, is the cause of all prostitution, all debauching of children, all sex perversion, all venereal disease, is it not time that we should do something more than merely laugh at the priest?

It has become "immodest" to be seen without clothes simply because the climate has enforced the habit of wearing them, and it has grown to be "wicked" to speak of sex or bear children without the consent of the priest simply because priest and king have connived to make it the fashion. We who think know that no benefit is derived by humanity as a result of ceremonials by those who do or do not believe in the supernatural and we know, too, that the cohesion of family life is a universal principle, that the cohesion of families is not the result of ceremonies, but that the ceremonial, or rather the injunctions and powers that are back of it, are the most potent factors for destroying the cohesion that would otherwise naturally exist.

Having stated the case in terms that defy contradiction because in complete harmony with life and nature for all time past and all time to come, why then did God in His wisdom fool us or permit kings or priests to deceive us for these thousands of years with the pretense that we could not be born right unless they were given a hand in adjusting the affair between our parents? We know to a certainty, backed up by such authorities as Luther Burbank and every stock raiser, that no kind of ceremony can affect the progeny of animals and plants in any way, and those who have studied nature seriously, especially in the matters of sociology, psychology and heredity, know that there is but one law of life for all beings, that man can be no exception to any universal rule and that we have no warrant for our fantastic view of the subject of sex except that it is the outgrowth of ancestral ignorance. Still, God's fooling us on the subject for all of this time can not be and is not without warrant, and what he has intended humanity to gain is this: In the evolution of mankind from the savage state to the ideal state of human brotherhood, when no man will accept what all others can not have the counterpart of on the same terms, the transition from the plane of hate and universal warfare to that of love and universal brotherhood can best be reached under a condition of non-congested population. It is clear that though a few persons might require thousands of acres on which to live in a state of warfare and mutual hatred, the same amount of territory would support countless numbers living in a state of helpfulness and good will toward each other. During the period of human society that we remain in a universal struggle and enmity against each other it would be disastrous, in fact impossible, to make headway in the event of over-crowded population. Marriage and all rules and regulations of sex have invariably acted, not as an aid, but as a detriment to the increase of population; in fact, were it not for human institutions that operate for the restriction of population our numbers would grow so rapidly that there would be absolutely no chance for the evolution of our higher qualities and there

would be no room for the working out of all those higher sentiments and ideals that must have their place in the future perfect society. God, knowing all things and appreciating the need of the gradual evolution of our various qualities and ideals, has in many ways placed obstacles in our path which must be overcome before we pass into the better life, and among the many obstacles for holding down population and preventing congestion prior to the time that we are fitted for living closer together the institution of marriage and all the sex humbuggery that has come down to us from our ignorant ancestors have been the means set by the Creator for the accomplishment of His end.

God often laughs at this great sex joke of His, and as fast as we get wise enough to do so He intends that we shall laugh with Him.

THE PREACHING AND TALK HOAX.—Having come to the crowning hoax of all, the one that marks the only great difference between modern and primitive man and the lower animals, we find that it was in fooling us as to the power and effect of preaching and talking that God was enabled to spring all the other jokes upon us that have been enumerated.

During the recent years mankind has acquired enough knowledge of God's method in nature to understand that there is no phase of life, no division or subdivision from bee colonies to solar systems, that makes progress in any other way than by RACIAL ADVANCEMENT; viz., by the gradual perishing of the unfit units and the survival of the more fit, the more alert and the more worthy. Should we ask the ant to what extent he had charge of and directed his own life he would say "*completely*," that the advancement of ant colonies was the result of the free will on the part of each ant, free self-guidance and self-direction, in which some ants became great and noble and other ants reach naught but misery and death. I am convinced that there is not one reader in ten thousand who has reached a sufficiently impersonal interpretation of himself and his race to realize that human society is as automatic, is as much subject to natural law and that in every walk of life we respond as blindly and irresistibly to surrounding forces as bugs or eagles.

For thousands of years we have been taught that by responding exactly to the fashion of thought, code of laws, etc., laid down by our elders, that we would become great and noble and good, but as a matter of fact we now know that some of the noble and great of this period are descended from the outlaws, the non-conformists and apparently debased and despised families of long ago. We find that our prophets and teachers of the past knew nothing of life or its meanings, were unfamiliar with the forces and conditions that were to build up the stronger characters of this age, for those of noble and royal blood who responded most precisely to the dictum of the seers are now physical and moral degenerates, while the sturdy characters of these days, those who command our armies, direct great enterprises, write our poetry, compose our operas and direct the affairs of state, are invariably descended from the peasantry who had no guidance; they have invariably been the children of those who have blindly toiled and have thought of but little else excepting the labor of their hands. If the preachers and prophets of all ages, then, have been incapable of offering true guidance, unable to make right discrimination, where then shall we turn to discover the power that *does*

discriminate, the power that does guide and uplift, for invariably among human kind as well as among all other genera and species, the discriminating power is the same — NATURAL SELECTION, whereby the inapt, the unfit, whether ideas or people, constantly suffer destruction in order that the fit may survive and propagate their kind so that AS A RACE we may go on and on in our uplift, always progressing as a race but not as self-guiding individuals.

This being God's own law, and one that is universally enforced, of what effect or by what warrant are we justified in promulgating talk and preaching as a means of human uplift, and if talk and preaching has been merely a means of exercising certain muscles, nerves and brain cells, why is it that God, knowing all things, should for these thousands of years permit us to go on chattering and making believe that preachers, teachers and parents could make the world grow better by their sermons?

Placing ourselves in comparison with the rest of God's creatures it is convincing to observe how completely our human method of self-guidance has failed to bring our government system to anywhere near the perfection which natural evolution has imparted to many varieties of animals, insects and plants.

The bee under natural selection has evolved a form of democracy far in advance of our own political practice, for without despotism or compulsion the units voluntarily bow to "THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE" as a result of internal conviction, a form of government by no means so gross as ours, which enforces control from without.

The fact that many inferior creatures and organisms have reached, through natural evolution, an extremely high phase of equipoise and this, of course, without any preaching or theorizing whatsoever, and the further fact that there is but one order of truth and one method of progress in the entire universe should be convincing that in a specific as well as in the generic sense the "talk method" of securing material progress must necessarily be inoperative and without value.

As we are social beings our moral and intellectual states are interdependent on and interrelated with the rest of our race. We can not separate ourselves very widely from or differentiate greatly from the type and customs of our group, and as we are bound to absorb practically the same characters and habits of those with whom we live, including the useless habit of scolding and preaching, it seems to be sufficiently clear that the employment of the preach method is merely the exercise of a bad quality on the part of the preacher and is bound to have no ultimate effect on the one preached at.

With the proper conditions supplied by the teacher the life would naturally grow to conform therewith, hence there can only be one course of successful moral instruction, which is to be supplied with a normal environment, among normal people, which could not result otherwise than in normal conduct.

Teaching people to know better, depending upon their knowledge of the right way is of no avail, for though they may know the right way they do not follow it, but conform to their natures and their environment instead.

Given a vicious environment in which to live, with opportunity to come in contact daily with only vicious people, such as make up the vain, dishonest and greedy population of Chicago,

no Christ characters can be developed within its borders though there be a hundred preachers to every man.

Why, then, has God so completely bamboozled the human race and permitted these millions of preachers for thousands of years to fool themselves and us into the idea that humanity could be talked into a state of moral perfection? This is God's greatest and most far-reaching joke on humanity. It is one of the means he has employed to retard progress in one way while we catch up in another, for while this plan has resulted in millions of heartaches and disappointments because of humanity's theory of things being constantly "talked" into a point away in advance of our knowledge of the world the fact that our brain cells have undergone an endless multiplication, in order that we may be fit to live in the future complex and highly organized human society, fully justifies the apparently endless and far-reaching joke which God has played upon us.

There is no use for us to be fooled unless we wish it. God is perfectly willing that we should have a good laugh with Him on the subject whenever we grow smart enough to see the joke back of it all. In the meantime it will probably take a thousand years or more before parents, teachers, preachers and other talkers all grow to realize that all moral progress is racial; that the talk method does not help humanity's moral character a bit and that God has sprung this huge preaching joke upon mankind merely to hold us off from progressing over fast until our minds should become sufficiently exercised and complex as a preparation for the future day of highly organized society; the day of democracy and human brotherhood.

WHAT THEY SAY

If To-MORROW has helped you in your struggle toward Truth tell us about it. Others want to know it, too. If it has held you down, tell us about that also. "We are in love with Truth."

Dear Sercombe: I wish to make known to the readers of To-MORROW my appreciation of the poem entitled "A Remembered Day," by Walter Hurt, which appeared in your January number.

As good as was his "Call From Colorado," "The Remembered Day" was much better. The one was the voice of indignation, the other the voice of Love; it is certainly one of the very brightest gems of English poetry; such a perfect musical rhythm; so rich in rhyme and alliteration; so full of real heart-felt pathos. Oh, it's simply perfect, and the author has "marked for all time the fact of his being" and assured for himself a place in the great "Pantheon."

Hurt is certainly abreast of the greatest of his time and the rest of us may feel proud to have our work appear in the columns of To-MORROW with his. And, in fact, I believe that To-MORROW is destined to become a recognized factor in this—the greatest of all ages.

GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

Dear Comrades: To-MORROW just fills the bill. It improves with every issue.

FRANK L. SMITH,

Clear Water, Minn.

Dear Sercombe: To-MORROW is doing its work for humanity along practical lines. May its continued success broaden until the world at large is ready to accept its liberal thought.

MARGUERITE MILLER,

Rochester, Ind.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed find one dollar for subscription. Please let me know from whom you received my address. I want to thank them. To-MORROW MAGAZINE is the finest in the land. Truly yours,

MRS. HARVEY H. HARRIS.

Dear Comrades: The July number of To-MORROW is a feast. You are certainly coming—arriving greatly. Fraternally yours,

GLADYS LAMB.

???

BY WALTER HURT.

Life's punctuation consists simply of the interrogation point. When we pause there is no comma—we pause but to question. When Life's sentence is ended we come only to this—?

Existence is an eternal enigma. We are ignorant alike of origin and of destiny. The miracle of birth equals the mystery of death. Through the darkness of doubt we can only grope and guess.

The sum of present knowledge is a little thing. The wisest is he who is most impressed with his infinite lack of understanding. Not much beyond the grossly physical has come within the limited range of our crude and feeble reason. All about us are invisible influences for which science has not yet even suggested a name.

It was this awesome aspect of the unknowable that oppressed the mighty heart of Ingersoll when, standing beside the open grave of a child, he said:

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed.

Again, in the same spirit of human helplessness, above the body of a beloved friend he spoke these words:

We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste seas there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks. * * * The miracle of thought we can not understand. The mystery of life and death we can not comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. * * * What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead? Where they have gone reason can not go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle Nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands.

At another time, when spent in his fruitless struggle with the sovereign secret, these words—the honest confession of a hopeless ignorance—were wrung from his long inquiring lips:

As a matter of fact, the questions of origin and destiny are beyond the grasp of the human mind. We can see a certain distance; beyond that everything is indistinct; and beyond the indistinct is the unseen. In the presence of these mysteries—and everything is a mystery, so far as origin, destiny and nature are concerned—the intelligent, honest man is compelled to say: "I do not know."

In the great midnight a few truths, like stars, shine on forever—and from the brain of man come a few struggling gleams of light—a few momentary sparks. * * *

Take a grain of sand, reduce it to powder, take the smallest possible particle, look at it with a microscope, contemplate its every part for days, and it remains the citadel of a secret—an impregnable fortress. Bring all the theologians, philosophers and scientists in serried ranks against it; let them attack on every side with all the arts and arms of thought and force. The citadel does not fall. Over the battlements floats the flag, and the victorious secret smiles at the baffled hosts.

Life—the wondrous fact of earthly existence—was to Ingersoll the largest of all secrets, and of it he said:

We live on an atom called Earth, and what we know of the infinite is almost infinitely limited. * * * Life is a shadowy, strange and winding road on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps—just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is—"Good night."

To me it is incomprehensible that any person both honest and intelligent can be either an orthodox religionist or an absolute

atheist. Agnosticism seems the only rational ground. Facts, not faith, are the only proof. Neither superstition nor skepticism can demonstrate or disprove. In the absence of conclusive evidence it is folly to affirm or deny. Until exact truth, which is an ultimate, is attained, the only consistent answer to the eternal question is: "I do not know." But despite all doubts let us garner every gracious promise, hold fast to each buoyant hope, nor lose one light that beckons us on to the heights that rise above the clouds of a carnal comprehension. Whatever our mingled doubts and dreams, however we may think or theorize, whatever we may wish or believe or hope or fear, the human mind in all its excursions of exploration must finally fall against the stone wall of inexorable ignorance with a shock and a recession as when a strong sea beats against the unyielding cliff of granite. But with all these limitations it is not foolish to feel that the Eternal Plan is working toward a Perfect Purpose, that at the Endless End lies the Light of Truth. It is surely the part of philosophy to let the forces we do not understand work out the way to our understanding.

While reverent thinkers, with throbbing brains, are seeking to read the everlasting riddle; while strenuous souls are searching for the secrets of life and death; while earnest investigators, with sighs in their hearts, are wrestling with infinite problems; while all this is going on, with echoless aeons behind him, with a voiceless eternity before him, with all the inscrutable wonders of an unmeasurable universe about him, standing above the temples and tombs of vanished civilizations and forgotten races, the atheist delivers himself of his arrogant dictum.

A microbe beneath the Omnipotent microscope, an atom of an incalculable aggregation; feeble and futile in his foolish efforts—pitiful, puerile and wholly impotent in his finite ends; posing on a planet formed of star-dust that has sifted down from solar systems that swung through space countless chiladiads ere the morning stars gave their concert; the span of his ephemeral existence but a moment in the life of the megacosm, the religionist dismisses all doubt with dogmatic gesture, assumes to measure all magnitudes, and finds in the sophistries of his unreasoning faith an answer sufficient to the mightiest question the mind of the philosopher can hope to propound.

Christians, their hearts filled with the love of God and hate of their fellowmen, worshipping a Saviour who was only a man, or merely a myth, with amazing egotism and cheerful ignorance complacently sing—

“The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone”—

then send meddlesome missionaries to a people whose religion was hoary ere the cross was ever uplifted or the sword of the church had dripped with blood, and from whose teachings the best in the Christian system was appropriated.

As to the atheist, it is a question with me whether he is ever really in quest of knowledge. He contents himself with giving expressions to doubts and denial. But has he ever turned the searchlight into the hiding-places of Truth? Always an iconoclast but never an investigator. Both the religionist and the atheist are intellectual loafers. It is so much easier for one to believe and the other to blaspheme than for either to delve and discover. The atheist denies but does not disprove; the religionist affirms

but does not establish. Both are bigoted, narrow, intolerant. Each is an egotist and worships Self in the names, respectively, of Religion and Rationalism. They mistake conceit for conscience. He who says "It cannot be" is not less a dogmatist than he who answers "It is so." Neither knows and both make false and foolish claims. It is useless to discuss these things. No argument ever advanced by an atheist has proved one of his propositions. No book written by a believer has substantiated a single statement set forth therein. Nothing can be known as yet. Before the smallest secret of creation we can only stand with a futile question on our quivering lips.

"What hope reveals
Mind tries to clasp,
But soon it reels
With broken grasp."

I do not denounce any man because he fails to teach the truth. Mayhap we all are mistaken. Here's my hand to each and all, whether atheist or Christian, Jew or Gentile, who seek to slay the shadows. I have suffered persecution at the hands of doubter and dogmatist alike. I find enough of narrowness on either side. Only from the independent searcher for truth can I hope to receive charity and the comfort of comradeship. And so I am willing to welcome any honest effort toward liberty and the light. I strike only at superstition. I strive for intellectual emancipation. I am rewarded for all my labors if I lay a single stone in the foundations of the Temple of Truth.

Faith may falter, and hope may halt and lag behind; the sweet star of promise may go down in darkness, and the white waters for which the soul has thirsted may be spilled on the quenchless sands of the desert of Despair; but the way leads ever onward and upward, though the trail be thickly set with stones. Though paths may cross till the bewildered pilgrim cries out for comfort like one who is lost, let him look above and ever will he see a guiding lamp, like Bethlehem's beacon, set in the sky. A multiplicity of faiths may mingle until confusion comes upon his mind and into his heart, but unseen forces are ceaselessly sifting the components of the spiritual cosmos, separating the true from the false. Knowledge may slumber through the night of superstition, but the dawn shall drive away the darkness and in the end we shall come out from the chrysalis of every creed, full-winged and free, into the light of the living Truth.

In that time the ashes will be blown from every altar, to mingle with the dust into which have crumbled all of earth's forgotten fanes.

OUR SPECIAL DEBS EDITION

Do not forget that an early number of To-Morrow will be devoted almost exclusively to the life and works of Eugene V. Debs now recognized as one of the strongest figures in contemporary American life. This Special will be in the entire charge of Walter Hurt who is a close personal friend of Debs, and is particularly able to do him justice. This number will contain a masterly article from Debs himself, a dozen or more contributions from the most noted leaders of the socialist movement. Before going to press with the Debs Special we wish to have as large a number of orders for extra copies as possible. *Send in your orders for the Debs Special.*

Poetry of Martha Virginia Burton

(A Review.)

A Book of Poetry is shortly to appear from the To-MORROW press by this new artist in verse and rhyme, whose unusual talent in weaving together the truths of philosophy and mysticism into the woof of beauty, may be seen in the following selections and extracts. While I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Burton several years ago as a clever writer, investigator and conversationalist, it is with no small degree of pleasure and interest that I now "rediscover" her; as it were, a finely developed and highly sensitized resonator of the music that always lies hidden from the many, but still has ever existed in abundance in the realm of the speculative and fundamental verities.

One must go to the oases to become a discerner of the fine, sweet light that only shines in those temples where natural order has been the theme of inspired teachings, and the fact that Miss Burton, during recent years, has taken advantage of the rare opportunity to withdraw from association with those who make life a struggle while she drank deep from the fountains that attracted Ibsen, Whitman, Spencer and from the Upanishads, no doubt accounts for the philosophic yet reverential motif that reverberates through all her lines.

Miss Burton is now in Chicago for the purpose of completing her volume of poems, and she has another book under way which will be the Interpretation of the Symbolism and Mysticism of the Dramas of Henrik Ibsen, her work in this line being designed on a par with Ludvig Passarge in the field of dramatic comment.

Miss Burton's prolonged retirement from the world and from friends, while she alone, by earnestness, faith and study, strove to place herself in tune with the harmony of the universe, has developed in her a power and independence that is bound to impress itself on present day thought, for approaching all subjects from the impersonal, from the standpoint of generic truth, this writer treats the most delicate subjects of Love, Learning, Patriotism, man, etc., from a point of view entirely untouched by the seared hand of bias, prejudice or theory. Her work speaks for itself.



THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE LETTER.

(An Extract.)

It is one thing to be master,
 But another quite to call
 All this brood without disaster,
 From the far depths of Valhall.
 * * * *

It is one thing to be woman,
 It another quite to save
 All there is of best in human
 From the deep depths of the grave.
 All these little lines a-flaming
 With that holier thought of thine,
 Do but free man from its claiming,
 As a draught of heavenly wine.

THE CHELLO.

Above the still, black coffin's face,
 Areft of love and moan,
 Some heart has knelt, to know the grace
 Alive in that sweet tone;
 To kindle motif in that place
 The spirit hath made known.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

He must have in him the conscience that will teach him to see right,
 He must have the bravery and hardihood;
 He must be the living banner, he must be the better light;
 The American must be *man making good*.

He must know the rights of fellow while he helpeth fellow man,
 He must know that thought and growth are right for all.
 But above the noise of polities, of party and of plan,
 The American must hear his country's call.

WITH THE SILENT MASTER.

When I claim my own in Heaven, when I make a name unknown,
 Sound the greater glow of glories mankind does not oft intone;
 When I stand before a master who has kept me wise and free,
 I will never name disaster, but "Thou art as God to me."
 O Krishna, Vishnu, Agni! O heat of fire and life!
 Wilt never me untangle from the silences of strife?
 O Moses, David, wisdom-ones, of many a name and way;
 O temples of Uranus! When comes thy altar day?
 I have heard the call of dervish, known the law of silent things;
 Would that I could tell all nations how doth heaven brush its wings.
 In its grace to serve the people, in its ardor to keep true,
 To the height of any steeple, what there is of God in you.

THE SOUL AGROPE.

Something beckons and I know,
 Gleams a hand;
 One hears "wait," another, "go,"
 Its command;
 One hears, "Every age was so;
 Understand."
 Science, thou hast dart of flame;
 God is kind;
 Goodness, thou hast all of fame;
 Thus we bind.
 Shadows lengthen on the hill,
 Deep shades hold words deeper still,
 "God is mind."

A Biological Study of Sex

By GIDEON DIETRICH.

CHAPTER III.

SEX DEVELOPMENT.

In changing our viewpoint, the nature and character of an object will appear in an entirely new light.

In viewing natural phenomena in the light of the facts of evolution, the development of the Cosmos appears altogether different from what it did through the cloudy light of a "special creation story." Thus it will be if we change our viewpoint of the phenomenon of sex from that of its elementary "reproductive" nature to that of its being only nutritive expressions of a living process. If the reader will endeavor to remember this scientific principle, he will then be in a better position to understand the important facts presented in this study, and thus be able to get a more rational view of the nature of sex.

The metabolic process of life has the nature of a continuing process, in contrast to the dying process of a fire. A primary living plasm is formed, into which food matter is constantly drawn and assimilated and this tends to increase the amount of plasm and so perpetuate the process. It also has the power of organization, and through the development of complex species organizations, greater power is gained to maintain a continuous food supply with which to perpetuate the process. In the combustion of a fire there is no organizing plasm left in reserve to perpetuate the process and so a fire must die out when the immediate fuel matter (food) is consumed.

From this fact it is clearly seen what causes that strong selfish ego impulse within every living unit. This primary impulse of self-preservation is a vital part of the living process, to continue that process within the ego-center—not within an offspring or new living unit, but only within the center of self—forever, if that is possible.

It is through this immortal impulse of an organized ego center which caused the development of all the different species-forms; each center struggling with all its power to adjust itself to its environments in order to perpetuate the living process within and around the organized ego. Now, environments never have been and never are the same for two successive moments, so that these eternal changes of the surrounding conditions must have a decided influence upon the living units who are struggling to adjust themselves to these conditions.

Aside from the great variety of species developed through these laws this changeableness of conditions causes a fundamental influence upon the metabolic process of life, which tends to divide all living beings into two hereditary nutritive classes.

Thus under primeval conditions as well as those of the present, a certain combination of environments, such as a low temperature, abundant food supply and food matter of a low degree of stimulation, the living process would tend toward a well-nourished anabolic direction, and if such conditions would continue for numerous generations such a tendency would become hereditary and so exert its influence upon succeeding generations. In this manner a predominating anabolic femaleness may easily be developed within some living units.

On the other side a certain combination of environments such as a stimulating temperature, scarcity of food and food matter possessing a high degree of stimulation, the living process would tend to be carried toward an active, hungry katabolic direction which would gradually develop into a predominating maleness within some living units.

This hereditary maleness or femaleness is not brought about in one or two generations, and even after there is a decided tendency in one or the other direction, and there is then a radical change in the surroundings, or through some catalytic effect, the metabolic process in such units would be brought back to a fertilized equilibrium and might even be carried in an opposite direction. But if either combination of environments will continue to exert a distinct anabolic or katabolic influence for numerous generations such influence must finally become hereditary and then exert a controlling force upon the metabolism of each unit.

When once established as hereditary factors, the anabolic or katabolic influence will carry the entire metabolism of uni-celled beings over to a decided maleness or femaleness; but in colony formation only a part of the organization will be effected directly and the rest is gradually effected by reflex influence. Organization implies an increased power of adjustment to surrounding influences, so that the hereditary and surrounding anabolic and katabolic influences would have their first or primary effect upon the least differentiated organism or the least differentiated part of an organism. Thus the somatic body of multi-cellular beings is only effected in a secondary manner by the anabolic and katabolic influences, while the primary germ tissues and germ units are the first to be directly effected and given a distinct male or female tendency.

Even in colony organization the hereditary influence of maleness or femaleness is at first so small that germ units arising at one time will have a distinct female character and those arising in the same identical tissues at other periods will have a distinct male character, thus clearly demonstrating that it is the changing environments which cause a tendency toward maleness or femaleness. After the hereditary influence becomes stronger the germ units arising at one point of the colony germ tissue will always possess a distinct male character and those arising at another point in the same colony will have a distinct female character.

With the advance of organization the germ tissues of the colony are developed into Germ Glands, both male and female glands. Both classes of germ glands have become a part of the species, heredity, and so they are both transmitted to every succeeding offspring; and in nearly all the lower forms of life they are both developed in every being, making such organisms Bi-sexual.

The primary germ tissues and germ glands are formed within the Middle layer of colony units, and from here the germ units force their way out through the surrounding layers and thus form distinct passages which are called Germ Ducts. One such duct leading out from each somatic germ tissue or from each germ gland.

In the lower organisms there are generally an indefinite number of these glands and ducts; but with the advance of or-

ganization their number gradually becomes reduced to only one pair of each class. Their pairs result from one developing on each lateral side of the body, but in some special cases only one is developed, the corresponding one remaining dormant in the individual.

Both the glands and ducts follow the line of the excretory ducts, and in most cases the ducts become partially united with one or more of these before reaching the outer surface in a cloaca. The anabolic female glands generally remain within the abdominal cavity in which they are formed; but among higher animals the active katabolic glands move over the bladder, down and out into a scrotum pocket.

The character and development of the germ ducts are greatly modified by the anabolic and katabolic influence of the associate glands from which they lead. Thus the ducts leading from the anabolic glands become well nourished, full, expanded, the two becoming united into a trunk duct which leads directly to the outer surface. In some species it is further modified by the character of the egg-cell which passes through it; while in mammalia, the developing embryo attaches itself to the well-nourished walls of the duct, as being the very best feeding ground which it could possibly find, and this point of attachment becomes developed into a Womb.

It should be noted here that the primary function of all germ ducts and all their parts is to allow the passage of germ units to the outer surface of the parent colony and thus the primary function of the womb part is *not* to feed developing embryos as the old theorists so long maintained. Among higher animals where a distinct fertilizing association has been developed, the anabolic duct has been further modified through such association, especially the trunk part and around the external orifice.

On the other side the ducts leading from the katabolic glands remain poorly nourished, narrow, kinetically drawn out to extreme lengths, forming into coils and bunches of coils before reaching the outer surface. In the higher organisms the two ducts leading from the two glands become united into one trunk and this also unites with the urethra.

Primarily a germ duct extends no further than the outer surface of the colony body, and with that its basic function of a duct is expressed. But with the gradual development of a fertilizing association between two mature units of the higher aquatic animals and land animals, the katabolic duct becomes greatly modified, even more so than the modifications of the anabolic duct through such association.

The development of this fertilizing contact association will be fully considered in Chapter V. It is during such association that there is an impulse developed to press the orifices of the ducts together, as the greater metabolic activity is taking place at those points; and this results in a tendency for the smaller katabolic duct to penetrate into the fuller anabolic duct, thus drawing it out beyond the body surface and surrounding this part with spongy erectile tissue.

These facts of comparative anatomy and physiology make it clearly evident, that only the germ glands and the simple germ ducts are all that could possibly be considered essential parts of propagation, and even as such they are only secondary factors of this process. It is also evident that the great modification of

the simple germ ducts into the distinct male and female sex organs has not been caused by a "reproductive necessity" or as an elementary part of propagation; but, aside from their primary function of ducts, their most essential modification has been caused by the development of a fertilizing contact association among higher animals, and they are therefore purely *love organs* and not "reproductive organs."

Social Spontaneity

BY HENRY CARMICHAEL.

Recently I undertook to enumerate the people whom I know to believe that there is a *trustworthy* social evolution that is fetching man from barbarity to a plane of civilization. So few were those who have no program that the list would be ridiculously meager. Among those few I found none affiliated with any of the churches. This is remarkable, when you come to think of it. The people who profess belief in a guiding omnipotent power seem most loth to place any trust in that wisdom as applied to social well-being. They seem to be impressed with a strong conviction that the governing principle in the universe is sadly in need of advice and assistance. Hence the injunction: "Mind Your Own Business," finds no adherents where it might be reasonably sought.

Nor is the agnostic or Freethinker less meddlesome than his churchy brother. Nearly all of them have a *program*. Some scheme for "the prevention of others," or the compelling of others. All these programs are doubtless animated by a sincere desire to make the world better. Granting the sincerity, what are we to think of the intelligence of the programmarians?

All history, all human experience, is before us. No program ever yet "came true" in accordance with its specifications. And all the steps in the progress (such as has already been made) of man from brutality toward decency, have come about without any program at all.

There is a spontaneity at work. Call it God if no other term is convenient. And this spontaneity has given so many evidences of trustworthiness that I, for one, am unwilling to substitute any human enactments for the natural order, the Divine Spontaneity implanted in the constitution of man. All the misery we see around us is the result of the vain endeavor to improve upon nature.

It would be interesting to have readers of To-MORROW (and I doubt whether there is greater intelligence extant among any like number of people on earth to-day) give their reasons for believing that they, respectively, could write a code of laws that would work out better than the impulses of man, when unfettered by human coercion.

The Pinkerton Labor Spy

This remarkable book by Morris Friedman, for three years stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of the Moyer-Haywood case, will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to To-Morrow.

The Story of the "Doom of Dogma"

BY HENRY FRANK.



CHAPTER VI.

Ten years' contact with the world of business quite disillusioned one given to dreamy idealism. Fortunate he who is not wholly shorn of his poetic locks and forced to see but the stony face of stubborn facts.

Commercial competition affords but little evidence of vicarious sacrifice, and the fleshly opaqueness of human relationship but little corroborates the immaculate conception. The grim compulsion of financial obligations,

Business is devoid of heart or sentiment as corporations of souls; and one must needs buffet the waves of commercial contention but for a brief period to be convinced of the prosaic truthfulness of this declaration. One is forced to catechise himself with relentless persistence to see whether what he learned so fondly in his days of poetic religionism will dovetail with the demands of a sternly practical world. One is forced to ask himself of what avail the promise of salvation in another realm if in this the hope it inspires avails not for betterment and higher character. The world of business asks you to "make good" the prayer of Sunday in the transactions of Monday, and if you fail calls you hypocrite and pretender. It makes no apologies; it cannot understand your "spiritual" explanations.

In the practical world where counterfeit money cannot pass for genuine your alleged proofs of infallible inspiration are put to the test and the defender of the faith cannot shirk or insist on rules of evidence no earthly court of justice would permit. You are compelled to locate and describe with knowledge not conjecture the hell you assume, and if you fail to do so you are called an impostor conjuring imagined horror for the stultification of dupes whom you seek as cowed supporters of your creed.

The cold commercialism that stamps upon its coin "In God we trust," you soon find to your amazement, had no thought of your academic God, but of the golden deity minted in the coin. It declares with icy lips, "If you demand our gold for the support of your God you must first prove to us that His existence is as palpable as this gold, and in the instance of his existence that he can be as profitable to us as the deity we worship in the coin." The world of business is nothing if it is not practical and it has no use for a God of the imagination who cannot increase the weight of one's coffers or multiply one's coupons and dividend-bearing stock certificates.

If the blood of Jesus is rich enough to pay all the costs at the court of heaven for the wholesale salvation of a once abandoned race, you must prove the value of each drop of his blood computed in the vulgar shekels of the shambles, before the world will believe that its efficacy is sufficiently universal to avail for the final redemption of all humankind. If Jesus be the Infinite incar-

nate in finite flesh, you must prove by his earthly career, supported by incontrovertible evidence, that his achievements were consonant with the omnipotence and omniscience of such a Being or behold him cast from the synagogue in utter disgrace. If he descended into hell, you shall hear this coarse and unkind world demand that he recite a complete account of its unique characteristics and give us unquestioned proof of his sulphurous sojourn, or hear himself dispraised, dishonored and dethroned. If his was the resurrection that forestalls ours the historicity and certainty of it must be made so positive, that not a fiber of doubt can linger in the human mind, else you shall hear your creed denounced as no more trustworthy than the promises of three card monte men or the equivocal vaporings of antique soothsayers.

All this I learned and more that leads to swift and sorrowing materialism which "denudes the ancient Christian structure of its gargoyles of superstition and metaphysical phantasy," as I have since said in my "Doom of Dogma." Still I had not gone wholly down the easy descent to Avernus, and had not wholly lost sight of the faith, though now much modified, that continued to attach me to orthodoxy, howbeit in a pseudo or semi-phase of interpretation. In my commercial peregrinations throughout the land I had met an elderly and most noble Christian gentleman, who by this time in his eighties had come to be regarded as an "elder in Israel." He was a venerable Congregationalist whom I came upon in Atlanta, Ga., in those days a veritable oasis of rationalism in the desert of southern orthodoxy. While I was yet officially attached to the Methodist Church I felt that I had so wholly outgrown its theology and catechetical requirements that I could no longer afford, for the sake of my self-respect, to return to its active ministry. Nevertheless, I still felt the tugging at my heart strings of a vague and restless striving after spiritual understanding and development, which I divined as a lingering "call" from some mysterious source demanding my re-enlistment in "the service of the Lord."

Under the benign encouragement of my venerable Congregational friend I concluded to retire from my business ventures and once more cast my lot with those who were "battling on the side of Jehovah." Under his direction I went at once to the headquarters of the Congregational Church in New York city, entered my application for a pulpit, and within a brief time was instructed to go to Jamestown, N. Y., where a large congregation of some four or five hundred communicants had been without a settled pastor for several years. It appeared that the congregation was somewhat fastidious in its taste and none who in all these years had "candidated" seemed to have pleased their palates. By some strange irony of fate, I, who had just passed through such a stormy evolution in personal experience, seemed instantly to ingratiate myself in their good will, and after a single sermon the entire congregation unanimously invited me to be settled over them.

The incident was both singular and amusing. It was singular that a Congregational church which had been unable to be satisfied with any candidate for so many years should suddenly prefer a Methodist-trained preacher. In these days it was still regarded as half a heresy for a Methodist minister to change his colors and enter the ministry of any other denomination. The amusing feature consisted in the fact that this congregation, whose chief

supporters and leading officers were of "the strictest type of orthodox belief," should choose me who had been so speedily shifting from the moorings of tradition and the limitations of the creed.

However, to make myself "void of offence," as far as my personal theological conceptions at that time were, I purposely undertook in my trial sermon to make my meaning clear. I took for my subject "Religion versus Theology." I reviewed much of the transformation of Christian belief which the last decade had brought about in Christendom and gave them clearly to understand that my ministerial career henceforth would but little concern itself with regard to the theological traces that bound it, but much with the underlying basis of ethics which was indeed the soul and essence of true religion.

My readers who are interested may learn just how far I went in that trial sermon by reading chapter XVI of my "Doom of Dogma" entitled "The Fundamental Conflict Between Theology and Religion," in which I have largely elaborated the ideas that were germinally expressed in that initial address. Naturally had I reached all the conclusions which I have since elaborated in that chapter I could not consistently have remained in any orthodox denomination or have satisfied the restiveness of my conscience. But I had not then gone so far. I would not then have presumed to utter the following paragraph from that chapter without expecting at the same time to hand in my resignation:

"Ecclesiastical theology deals not with the evolution of religious experience in mankind, but with the metaphysical doctrines of the vicarious atonement, the nature and person of Jesus Christ, the Holy Trinity, and eternal salvation and damnation. Every one of these doctrines has been imposed upon the race by the arbitrament of war, and sealed by the spilled blood of human sacrifices. Such doctrines are vacuous explanations of things inexplicable. So long as they are forced upon the unwilling attention of the race by the terrors of everlasting excommunication, they caused men to neglect the study of their practical relations." (p. 351.)

Today there are orthodox pulpits that would not excommunicate a man for such an utterance; but there were none in that day. Not many years, however, passed over my head before I became convinced that I was traveling too fast to remain even in an orthodox Congregational church. It was at the time that a reactionary "spiritual" wave set in against the old-time material philosophy of Carl Vogt and the earlier writings of Ernest Haeckle. It was that epoch in which Sir William Jones, Abbe Duc and Max Muller were lifting high the torch of research amid the musty crypts of India and from Sanscrit roots were re-translating our ancient Bible and the traditional meaning of conventional Christianity. It was the period when from those bright scientific orbs there was reflected the pseudo-scientific glimmerings of Theosophy, a huge conglomeration of worn-out Spiritualism and Indian Occultism. It was the day when from these commingling sources a new form of anti-Christianity arose, which because it emphasized the occult intimations of Indian philosophizing through Bible Symbolism and Christian phraseology arose at length to be the most conspicuous cynosure in the entire heavens of modern Christendom, and adroitly yclept

"Christian Science" ingeniously intimated that it came as the last reconciler of the age-long enemies which for these centuries had been warring in the progress of intellectual development. What part each of these played in my own intellectual development and the birth of the "Doom of Dogma" remains to be witnessed.

Damrosch at Ravinia Park

Dear Editor To-MORROW: Allow me as a stranger to Chicago, but as one who knows you and your aspirations, to have space with your August number for just a few words. I believe you will in sympathy subscribe to what I have to say, as it pertains to one of the best and finest of life's vibrations,—art and the common good.

I had gone three hundred miles to stay a week in Chicago, for the purpose of attending the Damrosch concerts at Ravinia Park. This of course you are familiar with, but let me say for those of your readers who are not, that Ravinia is a sweet mosaic of fine, clear atmosphere, wonder of white flowers, smooth lawns and stately trees, with both a neat little theatre, well-built, for the drama, and an open commodious, restful pavilion in which are held the summer concerts.

One wonders if Madame Nordica's beautiful ambition for the more pretentious regions of the Hudson river and the city of New York, will after all be for a very long time to come, a really more excellent acquisition to the opportunities of musical art than this green, western jewel-like spot.

There was the ideal,—like a perfect rare sweet flower of light,—that we in our present-day American life so strenuously believe in, so much talk about, and so much assert does not anywhere exist. The music was of the highest reach in its own sphere that this or any earthly age has known; and then being set forth in a manner to which the same words might be applied, compels one in the seats to think that, "What wonderful things the Damrosch men can do," but rather "How wonderful is an interpreter who can make a musician's soul speak so effectively."

One cannot help sensing conditions at this park as of almost righteousness; the sweet outdoor of nature, the open door of life. It is the sunny, half-ripened summer-time; the blooms are still fresh; the green not quite mature; the skies abundantly, livingly blue; and last, shall I say also best? Well it is a very, very great good that it should be so,—the cost to the visitor of going there is the very least,—the price so to speak of a cigar or two.

But what a memory to carry with us when the visit is over.

What a golden gleam of courtesy to culture; to the educational, to the best in modern aspiration, to all that Americans, in their dawning of the art-understanding are reaching for and as yet but vaguely laying hold on! And this "bearer of the golden cup," this "Ganymede," I am told, is a railroad company; something we all so often think heartless and soulless. But certainly in the management of this one there is soul somewhere, actively and excellently alive; and for such and to such let us give thanks for this rare glory of Ravinia's summer music. A READER.

Roosevelt too Hasty

The following strong words appeared some time ago in the Labor Journal of Rochester, N. Y. They strike a blow straight from the shoulder in regard to the trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone:

President Roosevelt's apologists say that his greatest fault is in speaking first and thinking afterward.

When the President classed E. H. Harriman, Eugene V. Debs, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone in the same rank that was the excuse put forth by these apologists.

But these apologists have nothing to say after the President's deliberate letter of a few days ago.

That was not penned in the heat of passion, it was not dashed off without deliberation.

Instead of apology, the President reiterated his declaration that Debs, Moyer and Pettibone were "undesirable citizens!"

If what he alleged were true, if it had been proven, Mr. Roosevelt would be justified in his assertion and the first to back him up would be Organized Labor.

Labor has no desire to shield criminals. It demands their punishment.

But it does demand that the labor leader, when accused of crime, shall have an equal show with the rich man accused of similar crime.

Is that true of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone?

Did the President rush into print when the Thaws scoured the country for the most eminent attorneys to defend Harry Thaw? Did he prejudge Thaw before his case had been presented in court? Did he wink at violation of legal and constitutional rights of Thaw?

In rushing into print while the western miners were yet waiting trial Mr. Roosevelt was guilty of grave injustice.

Would any judge try a case in advance?

How much more unjust for the President to do so!

Moreover, the President evaded the point at issue. Labor is not demanding that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, if guilty, shall escape punishment.

It is demanding that they shall not be convicted in advance.

It is demanding that they shall have a fair trial.

In so far as it is able it intends that they shall have it.

In this it is clearly within its rights, just as much as the friends of any accused man are.

Labor remembers the "bull pen." It remembers when the Legislature of Colorado was prevented from carrying into effect a constitutional amendment. It remembers how the state militia overawed the judiciary and strangled the press.

If it is possible to arouse public sentiment to a point where a repetition of the high-handed proceedings of the past will not be tolerated, labor intends that it shall be done.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, in general makeup, will compare favorably with "Bull" Andrews and "Bat" Masterson, of whom President Roosevelt appears to be so fond.

AGAMEMNON

BY H. BEDFORD JONES.

Home, home again, mariner-soldiers! Strike oars in the deep!
Smite the broad purple seas with the arm of tough Troy-mountain ash!
Up, up over the sea-rim to Argos! Our prows nearer leap
With each bounding wave, with each onrushing foamcap's sweep.
Home, home! Till the billows throw foam like a steed from the lash!
Each crest bears us on—hoist sail! Let the gale, as it sings
Through the ropes, tell of home! There our children, our dear ones, await!
Hasten, hasten, ye waves! Ah, sweet to our ears is the crash
As our prow cleaves the seas! And sweet is the spume-cloud it flings
To our faces behind—Speed, speed, for the distance is great
To our home, and our children long left, and our wives' sweet embrace!
Home, men! Smite strong with the ash, and the gods lend us grace!

Haeckel

BY GIDEON DIETRICH.

Since Darwin's Origin of Species, there has been no work written which has produced a profounder impress upon the scientific world, than *The Riddle of the Universe* by Ernst Haeckel. But this work had hardly left the press before the author saw that he had left some important gaps in his review of the scientific field which were not sufficiently elucidated and were thus liable to misinterpretation, so that he immediately set to work to write the *Wonders of Life*, which was designed as a concluding companion to the former work. The two must therefore be studied as one, in order to understand this master's review of our present scientific knowledge and his statement of a Monistic Philosophy.

It was unfortunate that so many superficial critics formed their unchangeable dogmatic conclusions about Haeckel before his complete life work had been presented to the world. But even today with his completed presentation of a monistic philosophy, fully and clearly harmonized with all the known scientific facts, his position is continually misinterpreted by some writers, and even some of our most advanced scientists are prone to leave the physicist's beaten path and fail to acknowledge the *oneness* of the great cosmos. Whether such misinterpretation results from not having read his complete works or from a desire to accept only such parts as will fit in with special theories is impossible to say.

The objection has often been advanced that Haeckel is too severe and pugnacious in his style and method of argument. To the English reader who delights in the mildness of Darwin and diplomacy of Spencer, Teutonic sledge-hammer blows may appear shocking; but, from inherited nature and training, the German mind cannot obtain the proper psychic vibrations without having his arguments mixed with an occasional flavor of brimstone. It must be conceded that Haeckel is in no way wedded to any theory or dogma and that his whole object is to demolish error with merciless blows, if considered necessary, and revile truth in whatever form it is presented.

In his preface to *The Riddle of the Universe*, he says: "Eminent thinkers from both scientific observers and speculative philosophers are now leagued together in a united effort to attain the solution of that highest object of inquiry which we briefly denominate the 'world-riddles.' The studies of these, which I offer in the present work cannot reasonably claim to give a perfect solution of them; they merely offer to a wide circle of readers a critical inquiry into the problem, and seek to answer the question as to how nearly we have approached that solution at the present day."

Our scientific knowledge has advanced considerably since Spencer formulated his Synthetic Philosophy, and the imaginary line of the unknowable which he drew beyond the physical atom has already been demolished and our vision extended for quite a distance into that mystic realm. No fact is more evident than that there is a psychic phenomenon expressed within the Cosmos, and this must ultimately be explained through empirical knowledge and scientific analysis in accordance with the monistic nature of the Cosmos, as Haeckel points out.

Time will no doubt find errors in some of the deductions and conclusions in his two companion works, and some readers

may be offended with the acidity of his arguments, but on the whole his ripe scientific training enabled him to give us a clearer review of our empirical knowledge than any other living student, and outline a philosophy which is perfectly scientific and destined to exert a predominating influence upon the world's thought.

The Hearthstone

The word suggests many things; log fires and domestic circles; the cheery corner and the very center of the family. Steam and hot water heating have succeeded the log fires and succeeded better in their purpose, and many rooms have thus lost their particular cheer. In many, too, the hearths have been beautified with colored tile and faience surroundings and in others, in imitation of foreign taste, the hearths have been replaced by stoves covered with colored tile which harmonize in shade with the other decorations of the room, and this stove and the beautified fireplace remain like the old hearth the listener in the domestic circle.

But those who have sat in the chimney corner curtained off from the work-a-day world, and near to a different world in the stars which the width of the chimney revealed overhead, would not exchange their seat even for one beside the beautiful foreign stove. And their successors are like the hearth's successors, they have changed. The light from the hearth logs sufficed for the evening knitting, and the stars and fire told their own stories; but the knitters' children like more light and more literature. They like other pictures than the fire's fleeting ones and they place its indelible colors which are the tints of the tile on the beautiful stoves and mantelpieces which surround and hide the hearth, and so they see the firelight still. They choose the substance which is itself a product of fire to give them back the pictures which the fire paints behind, and they watch the power of the fire to withstand the heat of the fire which has itself fashioned it.

Such tile are the hearth's most fitting associates; they tell the fire's stories and give back its light. They make for it a perfect setting, or hide it under a firepainted form; they rival its warmth in their own warmth of color, and its glow in their own brilliancy, for they are near akin. The painters choose them for their canvas, and their pictures are not finished till they are burned in; and so the fire becomes the pictures' preserver, and the fire's stories grow longer, and the lights more subtle, because the men painters have shared the canvas.

The old curtains have grown faded; the old woodwork grown too old or yielded itself to the flames which waited for it; but the fire's own painted setting only seeks the fire to illumine it and gives its wealth of color to the children who love luxury in all. The old chimney and chimney corner are hidden away like the faded curtains; the burglar and chimney-sweep prefer cleaner raiment and paint most the children's picture books; and the fire paints gaily on behind and all around the hearth to give the added stories and added light that the later domestic circles love.

All the fire worshippers met at the hearthstone, and the fire speaks and paints for them all. The paintings that men have made are preserved in their imperishable canvas, and the hearthstone is ever warm.

E. L. G. BROWN.

Kuehnism

BY C. F. HUNT.

Mr. Kuehn now informs us that "savages are never savage among themselves." Legends of wars and feuds among the American tribes before the white man came, are all false. The Incas of Peru are said to have increased their sway by conquest of ignorant tribes about them; this too is apocryphal. But the Congo tribes, here Mr. K. is at home, and asserts from his positive knowledge that these were brotherly until the superstitious whites came, then suddenly the "coons" were mad with desire to slay their neighbors, and did so at the request of Leopold, who wanted rubber without working for it. We thought superstition worst where ignorance was greatest; now we learn vice versa; that superstition grows with the advance of science, for the further back we go the more ignorant and brotherly. I think the saurians were altruistic, guarding with jealous eye the rights of small fishes.

But K. states the opposite of this, of course, else he would not be Kuehnistic. He *has* stated that invasion is the same whether done by state or person. So we are still without a clear definition of "kingthing." When did man evolve from brute into full brotherhood, and when did he backslide into love of "kingthing?" A bit of history will help us.

If the slave is persuaded that slavery is his rightful portion, does he not choose slavery; and if he chooses any condition is he coerced? K. says he chooses and is still coerced.

Some believe the state may increase in importance as a social factor and still grow less iniquitous. Formerly the king farmed out grafts to favorites, allowed toll roads, etc., while we now are realizing the advantages of collectivism, and have common pavements, and other like things, and are roused to anger when any one attempts arbitrary control, kidnaping, and the like. It is useless to argue that the state is one thing, administration of collective capital another. The state is what we observe it to be.

Some think it coercive when individuals reap all the advantage of sites, and would have the people, through the state, reap that advantage, but this action, which is simply asserting equal rights, Bro. K. calls coercion. It is a measure advocated by two growing parties, the single taxers and socialists. If it carries it will surely not be a symptom of a disappearing state; but K. has admitted it would be better than land monopoly. Now he will dislike to admit that the state and justice can both increase at once.

Others would have the state own railroads, etc. This would not tend to diminish the state, yet wherever tried such ownership results in a freer use of those utilities. The state is changing, not disappearing, with the growth of intelligence.

Only clairvoyants and Mr. Kuehn pretend to get inside of a human brain and tell what thoughts are there produced. The rest of us are obliged to get each man's doctrine from what that man says. Mr. K. absolutely refuses to cite any expression from any socialist, Mr. Patterson or other, to show that he favors invasion, but insists that the socialist shall prove a negative and "set right a mistaken world" which has no business to be mistaken, when the statements of all sects are before us and can be quoted. It may be that only Mr. K. is mistaken.

The contradictions of the higher philosophy are like those of the bible; with proper insight they disappear, though ordinary mortals never acquire the insight. So when Kuehn says the state is diminishing because "mankind has been progressing away from its primitive superstitions," one would infer: The more primitive a people, the more superstitious, hence the more powerful state; but he tells us primitive people have no state, and never invade.

The way Bro. K. ignores all rebutting propositions, loftily reasserting the thing in dispute, is cheering. Instead of going to some dealer to inquire whether price is made up from the items of cost he simply repeats it is so. My illustration was strictly in accordance with arithmetic and the facts, and Mr. K.'s failure to refute, or even grasp it, must be ascribed to the proper cause. Perhaps I can illustrate further: Profit is that part of price that may be called the wages of the dealer. The quantity of profit is in no way limited by cost of the article sold; the margin may be great or small according to demand. From such wages must come rent, the price of the right to use the site. But, where rent is the highest, the number of sales is so great that such wages are made up of a great number of small profits, rather than a few large profits. Demand keeps price about the same, regardless of both rent and cost. The owner-dealer who pays no rent gets the same price as a rent payer. Therefore it is safe to assert that rent cannot influence price; and the fact that prices are lowest where rent is highest proves that rent cannot be added to price. Mr. Kuehn takes an empirical view that he is just as sure of as was Rev. Jasper's view of the sun. "In the mo'nin' the cabin am dar and de sun am dar. Now how in de debbil could de sun be over dar in the evenin', unless de sun do move?"

Jeanette

By VIOLA RICHARDSON.



Jeanette stood before the glass putting the last touches to her hair. A faint smile curved her lips and just the least excitement was betrayed by the shine in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks. It added a charm to her. She was called cold, self-contained. She was indeed a woman of poise, of breadth, of rare insight and intelligence,—the flower of generations of culture, and she had the sense of the fitness of things that saved her from many of the trivial emotions and aims that pecked at other women's lives. But she had the capacity for emotion, and the gentle excitement which filled her tonight added to her a sweetness and womanliness.

Richard West was coming tonight. He had written a book so keen, so forceful, with so deep a purpose in it that people said the world could never be quite the same again—that he had planted the seeds that would produce a new and more enlightened consciousness. He was a great man—a man of power—and it was an event to Jeanette to meet him. She had read his

book and its power had laid hold of her, and through it she felt that she had read the man, had understood him, touched him.

When they met and she looked up into his fine earnest eyes a sort of thrill went through her, the recognition of something of such superlative merit that her soul went down in homage to him before a word was spoken. He was a man too earnest to have anything but the utmost genuineness and directness in him. He looked straight at you and said the thing that he felt to be true.

They talked of many things, he finding in her that fine sympathy that makes a man spin out his most vital thoughts and hopes and ambitions, and she responding with the directness which he unconsciously demanded of her.

They were together much during the summer. There had come that deeper understanding that many times sensed the unspoken thought. Jeanette did not try to disguise from herself the fact that she loved him—loved him with an intensity that filled her whole life and made a background against which all the other interests of her life were set. She merged herself into his ambitions and felt that no sacrifice could be too great—that nothing would be a sacrifice—that she could do to add to the potentiality of his life. She dared to dream dreams of the time when he should awaken to the fact that he needed her with him always. That he did need her she knew by a thousand little ways. Did he not bring to her the things he wrote, were they not hers before they were given to any one else—did he not tell her the things down in his soul too subtle to catch with words—was there not in the fusing of their spirits the creation of thought forces with which he reached out and touched the world to impulses toward new life?

To sit with him under the stars, to walk with him among the flowers and trees, to listen to his voice, to enter together into that holy of holies where souls fused and communed—it went through her like music and for her a new world was created.

To-night she went down filled with that superlative love, that transcendent music, that divine ownership. Richard was in his accustomed place but he was not alone. On a low stool at his feet, leaning against the window sill, her eyes closed in restful relaxation and one hand resting in Richard's as it lay on his knee, sat Pearl.

A something that held in it all the fury of hell gripped Jeanette's heart. It was as if the blood in her veins suddenly congealed and yet were streams of fire. She stood still for a moment because she had neither the power to move or speak. Richard saw her and smiled a welcome. She recovered herself in an instant. "I beg your pardon, I thought you were alone?"

Pearl sprang to her feet. "I just happened to come in," she said confusedly, for in some indefinable way she sensed the feeling that surged in Jeanette. It was tacitly understood, any way, that Richard belonged to Jeanette, and no one had ever tried to dispute her right in any way.

"Sit still, Pearl," Richard said in a tone of gentle authority. "Here is a place for Jeanette," and he indicated the chair at his side. "Come, Jeanette, and enjoy the twilight with us."

Had Richard struck her or have driven her from his presence it could not have cut her more deeply than did his words, bearing as they did the implication that she was admitted as a spectator to something which held a special meaning for him and another woman.

Something welled up in Jeanette that was stronger than pride, stronger than love, something that held a cruelty and a ferocity which for the time swept away all of the gentleness and beauty of spirit that generations of culture had bequeathed to her. In that instant she knew why men skulk in the dark and strike down their fellow beings, she knew why fingers can fasten themselves around human throats and strangle the life out, she knew why accursed souls can poison the food and drink of which others are to partake. She came in and took the seat indicated, gracious and calm outwardly, but like a murdereress inside. Pearl had dared to sit beside Richard and receive a caress from him.

Richard took up his book again but laid it down saying that it had grown too dark to see. Like a flash Jeanette seized the opportunity to crush this woman, humiliate her, make her a laughing stock to Richard,—this woman who but for a mere chance would now be scrubbing offices down town instead of sitting here with Richard.

"Pearl has the light there by the window, let her read." Pearl protested, but Jeanette insisted and Richard placed the book in her hands and added his own insistence. Pearl stumbled helplessly over the words, mispronouncing many, reading without understanding, betraying with every sentence her ignorance, her hopeless illiteracy. Jeanette listened with a mad kind of joy, a joy that was like the hissing of snakes, a joy like that with which an enraged tigress might tear its victim. To hear that into which Richard had woven his life, his soul, mutilated by this woman's voice—it was like a bloody triumph. This woman who had dared to sit beside Richard and receive a caress from him.

Jeanette was alone at last in her room. The tempest tossed her soul and she walked back and forth, back and forth, "What have I done—what am I?" she cried. "I am not worthy—I have stooped to the lowest—I have done a dishonorable thing—I have done the thing that cowards do—that people with craven souls do—that women who are low and vile do—I am not worthy."

TO THINKERS WHO THINK

No matter what your belief in relation to politics, society or religion, and no matter whether you agree with some of the conclusions of Herbert Spencer or not, it is of paramount importance to every THINKER to familiarize himself with the evolutionary system of thought employed in Spencer's philosophy. There is no mental training more desirable and more necessary than that which arises from becoming familiar with the wonderfully systematic arrangement of that employed by Spencer. See ad. of Spencer's complete works on another page of "To-Morrow."

The Constitution of Matter

By A. BETTES.

PART III.

Cell action and form is accounted for under the law of electro-kinetic and potential. Electro-kinetic energy produces the greatest wave amplitude at the center of the cell form and the shortest wave length or the least potential thereat. As the wave moves outwardly from the center of the form the wave amplitude (kinetic) will decrease while the wave length (potential) will increase until all of the kinetic energy of the center becomes changed into potential, thus forming the curved surface or surfaces of the cell. If the curved potential surfaces do not enter into a set condition the potential will immediately change back into kinetic energy with increasing velocity called acceleration. This change from potential into kinetic is called gravitation, while the change from kinetic into potential is called levitation. Gravitation is the downward force, that is, the force toward the center of the cell, and produces pressure which terminates in heat.

at the center, or near thereto, which heat force moves outwardly along the radical lines and gradually changes back into potential to become again the downward force. The ball thrown upwardly starts with the greatest kinetic energy which gradually changes into potential until all of its kinetic energy applied is changed into potential, then its potential begins to change into kinetic in its downward flight reaching the same kinetic condition at the initial point. In changing from kinetic into potential velocity decreases while in the change from potential into kinetic velocity increases. Watery vapor leaves the earth's rigid surface in a kinetic condition which gradually changes into potential in its outward movement the same as did the energies of the ball. When the kinetic energy of the vapor becomes changed into potential then it no longer moves along the radial line but takes up a motion at right angles thereto, as shown by movement of

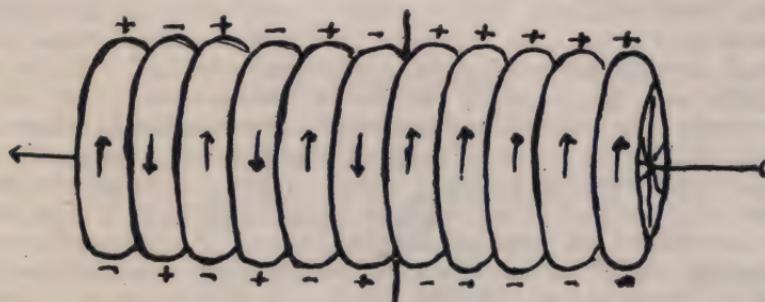


Fig 6.

the clouds which movement is along the curved potential surfaces as shown in Fig. 3. The reason why the ball immediately returned and the vapor did not is that the energy applied to the ball suffered change and not the ball by virtue of its rigidity, while the molecule of watery vapor suffers a force change into potential and is thus diverted into the curved potential surfaces of the atmosphere. Sense matter is electro-potential which

varies or shades off insensibly into kinetic matter. So we find throughout nature two extreme phases which are blended together by an intervening mean called the equal or neutral condition. Edison said that there are no single forces in nature, that there is a dualism throughout. When Newton announced "that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle," he saw only one of the universal phases. Attraction without repulsion is as inconsistent as action without reaction. This single phase law of Newton, astronomers and many physicists are endeavoring to fit into a bi-phase universe, which results in many misfits and inconsistencies. The potential diverted to the curved surfaces of the cell may take a "set" and remain therein for a great period of time, thus giving stability and durability thereto. To break down this "set" requires kinetic energy applied thereto while kinetic energy liberates the latent potential and changes the same into kinetic, as observed in the burning of coal or wood. The change from potential into kinetic means the evolution of heat, while the reverse change means the absorption of heat. When the change from kinetic into potential and vice versa takes place within the cell without the influence of external force, the process is called adiabatic action which does not increase the magnitude of the cell. Induction or involution of external elements must take first before the cell becomes increased in magnitude or before evolution can take place. The solar cell must have involved its potential elements from the universal cell before the evolution of the solar cell could have taken place. The planet cell must have involved potential elements from the solar cell before the evolution of the planet could have occurred. So the molecule, atom, electron or any multiple thereof must have respectively involved from its prior parent cell before evolution of the successive cells could have possibly occurred. Involution is from a kinetic state into a potential state while evolution tends to the reverse. The exchange from kinetic chaos into potential cosmos and vice versa is always equal in magnitude though opposite in action. Newton observed these two equal exchanges with opposite phases when he formulated the law of action and reaction. The kinetic energy of the universe into its potential gives a universal constant. While the kinetic and the potential factors of the universal entity vary inversely their product or constant will obey the law of conservation. When the universal stock of kinetic energy disappears, an exact equivalent of potential energy appears, so that the sum total of the energy of the universe remains unchanged. As matter represents the potential phase of nature, it must vary as the potential factor varies; therefore, matter thus cannot obey the law of conservation. As the kinetic chaos decreases the potential cosmos increases and vice versa. This oscillation from one extreme to the other has taken place during time past and will so continue throughout time future. There must have been a time when the universe was in a kinetic state from which it may be swinging into a potential state or the reverse as the case may be. So the universal All is the universal kinetic factor into the universal potential. Heretofore we have treated of single cell action and form. Single cells may organize along a single axis forming a filament, fiber or tissue of cells; or they may organize along two or three axes of development forming sur-

face or solids of cells. The cells composing a filament, fiber or tissue become more or less compressed or flattened as shown in Fig. 6. This figure represents the form and arrangements of the blood cells or corpuscles as they circulate through the arteries and veins. The pressure of one cell against another will develop an elastic property longitudinally with the direction of the blood cell movement, which elastic property causes the corpuscles to spring into the chambers of the heart during expansion thereof. The blood corpuscles expand or contract in their transit through the circulating system, thereby evolving or involving heat, as the necessity requires, otherwise distributing the heat uniformly throughout the system. The kinetic blood corpuscles directed to the cortex cells of the brain become changed into potential corpuscles therein. The external kinetic forces, the same as light corpuscles, pass over the conducting nerve tissues to the potential cortex cells, unlocking the same and changing the occluded potential into kinetic which is then directed to some part of the system for motive work. In the potential of the cortex cell reside the emotions in a potential state which are changed to volition, consciousness or intelligence when touched with the finger of kinetic action. The cortex cell is only a receptacle for the potential forces or corpuscles. Remove the receptacle or disconnect it from the system, then the functions, volition, consciousness and intelligence, are destroyed. Stop the blood corpuscles from entering the cortex receptacle, then the higher functions of life stop also. The higher functions of life are seemingly resident in the blood corpuscle, which functions can be traced step by step through the various processes of transformation into and out of the three kingdoms of nature, terrestrially speaking, thence up the ladder of the sunbeam to the sun; thence to the universal system heretofore considered, which is the source of all volitions, consciousness and intelligence. The All in All and over All, which remains the same throughout eternity, although His factors kinetic and potential may change under laws heretofore considered. The heavens and the earth may pass away and a new heaven and earth may appear; yet, the Sum Total remains the same.

AN ACROSTIC

To Grace Falkenburg.

MYRA WELLER PAPPER.

Gently may Time's restless wing
Round thy life enfold;
And each year that passeth bring
Cherished hopes to blossoming,
Each full fruitage hold.

Friends to cheer in sorrow's hour
Always near thy side;
Love, the sweet and magic power;
Knowledge, life's unfading flower,
Each thy footsteps guide.

Never be thy soul dismayed.
Brave the storms that blow,
Using best of shine and shade.
Rich will be the harvest made,
Years that come and go.

Reformatory for Reformers

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., COLUMBUS, OHIO.



What we want is a reformatory for reformers. A place to confine social and theological hen-hussies. The place should be well provided with padded cells for sensational preachers, wood-yard for short-haired dress reformers, chain-and-ball for anti-saloon cranks, a stonepile for peddlers of political purity. The country is getting too full of mischievous busy-bodies. Half-witted W. C. T. U.'s infest every cross-roads in the land. A horde of sexless, long-legged, toothless hags who wear blue rib-

bons, white ribbons, poke bonnets and whatnot. Communistic come-offers, with frayed pantaloons and dirty socks, obstruct street corners.

A very large stone building surrounded by high, thick walls, plenty of dungeons, heavy chains, cat-o'-nine-tails, bath tubs and horse syringes. A picked regiment of Texas-rangers with bronchos, spurs and lassos, to scour the country and drag them in by the neck at a gallop. Spare neither sex nor age.

Rid the country at once of all species of reformers, missionary-mountebanks, theological thimble-riggers, apocalyptic brawlers. Round them up. Drag them in. With lolling tongues and empty pockets flapping in the breeze. Bring them in at a gallop, regardless of time of day or weather. Every son-of-a-gun of them. Ordained or uncircumcised. Christened or unnaturalized. Every son-of-a-gun that shows the slightest symptoms of New Jerusalem jim-jams, or the faintest twinge of Bellamy-bellyache.

Single-tax paralytics, horn-blowing heretics, and goose-necked, horse-faced, expositors of the prophet Daniel. Neck and rope, horse and spur, bring them in at a mad gallop. Fill the air with sour petticoats of women's rights warblers. Pad the fence corners with the old scuffs of the walking delegate. Horse them in! Horse them in! At a pace that not a rag or scab, dead louse or tag-lock is left hanging to their miserable, juiceless bodies.

Bathe them in lye. Gargle them out with carbolic acid. Syringe them out with Platt's Chlorides. Deodorize them with quick-lime and guano. Scrub them with strong alkalis. Vaccinate them with Brown Sequard's Elixir of Life. Fumigate them with cigarettes and cod-liver oil. Massage them with pile-drivers. Anoint them with goose grease and scrape them off with the great Horn Spoon.—Selah.

Up-root the whole fraternity. Y. P. S. C. E.—pee-wees. Y. M. C. A.—Yaps. Epworth League—impotents. Foreign missionary hooded monkeys. Home missionary gilled bloodsuckers. Cow-faced Colporters. Yellow-tongued, empty-bellied, anti-tobacco gum-whistlers. Give them a free ride. A fast ride. On back and belly. Bounding from bog to boulder; from puddle to projection. Six rods at a lick, leaving a trail of cuticle, hair and rags, for the hungry dog and junk peddler.

Oh, for a reformatory for reformers! Oh, for a prison for poor-pussies! A penitentiary for peanut-piety. A jagged jail

for itinerant evangelists, who bray and bully-rag with Bible and Billingsgate, while barren old maids simper and whimper in greasy admiration. Everybody who has the slightest wish to reform anybody or anything. Oh, for the Black Hole of Calcutta, to stuff to the brim with dropsical drones, who fancy they can fix up things, improve creation, better the course of nature, push Providence, elevate evolution, hurry history, or hamper hell.

Horse them in! Round them up! In singles, doubles or droves! Flock them in! Force them in! In motley multitudes and shrieking congregations! Ride them down! Slip-noose them in! Pause not. "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." Exterminate them. Rid the earth of their ceaseless shuffle and the air of their meaningless mumble. Let peace reign once more.

No, I'll take it all back. I was only just fooling, but it was surely fun saying it that way.

Let them alone, they will kill themselves. Each and every one of them will die slowly, lingeringly, agonizingly. Futility of futilities will be their epitaph.

I feel sorry for the whole bunch. I really do. I would not add to their agony, nor harrow their horror. Let them peter out with paresis and paralysis. Their forgotten follies will not follow them. Their picturesque puerility is pitiable, pitiful and putrid. Each one will rot in his own rut. Waste neither horse nor lasso nor rider on things dying or already dead.

Thus endeth the twenty-third chapter of the twenty-third book of Skidoo-skedaddle.

A TEMPEST AT NIGHT

BY FRANK MONROE BEVERLY.

The sun has dropped below the sea,
And grim Night stalks abroad,
All nature's changed her wonted face,
At her stern presence awed.

The angry clouds obscure the sky.
The star-sown fields are hid,
The scathing lightning flashes red,
The lowering heavens mid.

Fast fall the scattered raindrops big,
Loud patterning on the roof,
And by the lightning's flash I see
Wind-shaken trees, aloof.

Now denser grow the falling drops,
Until the waters pour;
To fury stirred, the elements
In consternation roar.

But midst the fury of the storm
The tree-toad sings his lore:
"I like it-o, I like it-o,"
Is heard above the roar.

The Race Problem

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

The cry of the South is, "The white race *will not* be ruled by the black." Why this outcry? I have seen no inclination of the black to rule. In the North he is a porter or table waiter; in the South, the laborer.

The Irish nation polices our country. The Irish and German control our city politics. I have nowhere seen the Negro try to rule.

I find the Negro race predominates in the South. Very well, what about it? I find, also, that this is the race, pre-eminently, that does the labor of the South. I find that they are, literally, the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water."

I have now been traveling over the South for three months and have never yet seen a white man or white woman do a particle of manual labor. I have looked over this laboring class, compared it with what I am accustomed to in the North, and here are some of the results:

I have not seen a Negro murderer since I have been in the South. Have not seen a hold-up man on the streets. Not a posse of colored train robbers. Not an assassin. Not a walking delegate haranguing a vicious crowd of "union" black men, urging shorter hours and more pay. Have not seen a man dirked, nor a woman terrorized by an impudent and fear-inspiring rag peddler.

All these things are a part of every day life in the North.

But I find that the Southern white feels that he wants to get rid of the descendants of the black man, whose ancestor *his* ancestor bought and brought here. He does not tell me that the Negro is to blame for being here, but that he wants to get rid of him.

What would the South do without the Negro? Who would do the work? Who would cultivate the fields, and who would cook the food, and who would run the patent laundry, which I see seems to consist of an iron kettle down by the branch?

If I had a sufficiently long scoop I would be glad to scoop up every colored man and woman in the South, and set them down on the waiting fields of our great Northwest, where labor is so desperately needed. Luckily for the South, I cannot do it, for it would mean absolute ruin, stagnation and starvation for the people.

But I am answered, "We intend to import laborers from Europe." Well, and you'll want to export some of them worse than you ever before wanted to do anything in your lives.

When the people of the South, who are still branded with the stamp of the evil influence of slavery, who are used to the "meek" Negro, who expect him to do their work for low wages, live as he can, and not answer back, find themselves in the hands of vicious, high-tempered, exacting, over-bearing whites, largely the scum of Europe, and find their lives are never safe from treachery nor their houses from thieves, then they will realize "where they are at."

Here is something I clipped from the *Savannah News*: "The other day the *Atlanta Constitution* printed a communication recommending a better religious training for Negroes as a remedy

for criminal inclination. There is no doubt that if all, or a part, of the money now sent to foreign missions were devoted to the moral education of the Negro children, there would be brought about a marked improvement in the Negro race."

If, instead of this silly whining about sending the Negro out of the country, the country would pay the Negro for his work, educate him, set him a good example, and give him a chance, there would be no "problem" to mouth over.

It is not so much "religion" that the Negro needs as knowledge. He seems to have quite sufficient religion, such as it is, but he needs to be taught ambition, cleanliness, the out and out Godliness of genuine, honest, hard work.

But who is to teach him? All he knows is the white man, who erstwhile owned him, who considered work the greatest disgrace—and still does—who does not know how to do good work himself, nor teach the Negro how to do so.

A man whose red nose and shaking hands told their own story said to me yesterday: "I've never done a day's work in my life, and never intend to. I hain't laid by any crop this year. Couldn't get help." I asked if the Negro would not work. "Why," he answered, with the rising inflection of supreme disgust, "the — nigger don't want to work by the day; he wants to work by *hisself*."

This seems to be the greatest sin of the Negro. He wants to have a home of his own, wants to cultivate his own land, keep his children at home; wants, in short, to be a man, not a chattel. So far as I can see, he is eminently willing to be a black man. I don't find him saying an evil word of the white race. I don't find him trying to drive out the whites, or injure them, or defraud them. I didn't find black men marrying white women. I see no white women with yellow children. Yet the South is full of yellow faces.

The "race problem" is no problem at all, but the *work problem* is almost as great in the South as in the North. Not as great, by any means, because the Southern whites are not stirring and energetic. They don't sow a thousand acres to wheat, nor plant a vineyard of three thousand acres, but what little work must be done they feel above doing.

However unjust in the eyes of God slavery may have been, the present outcome of it seems to have been a benefit to the Negro, a step in advance for the race, but it has certainly been, as one Southerner remarked to me, "Hell for the whites." When the Southern white will get out his Bible and read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," the problem of the South will be solved.

CHILD LABOR, EDUCATION, SOCIALISM

A REPLY TO FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

Dear Comrades of To-MORROW: I have heard and read many attacks on Socialism, but never have I met one so stupidly bitter and so void of logical thought as the one published in April To-MORROW. If Mr. Livesey's words were tempered a little with sweet reasonableness, one could forgive somewhat his crude reasoning. As it is, one must be all the more compassionate, for a bitter-minded man is a sorry sight.

Next time you write, Mr. Livesey, remember the Socialists are men and women who are striving all their might, often at a great sacrifice, to make the world a little better than they found it.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN C. TEEVAN.

The Pall-Bearers

BY GERALD CHRISTIAN, London, England.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." St. Luke, xviii, 16.

To-day, in every nation under Christendom, there are millions of children—under the age of fifteen—obliged to work for a living. This is brought about because their parents are too poorly paid to sustain them. And the manufacturers, traders, merchants, etc., make use of this child labor to increase their profits. Where they would have to pay a man, say 20/- per week, they get the same work done by children for 5/-, and in many cases for less. Legislation is doing nothing to put a stop to this iniquity, therefore the legislature is not only an accomplice of the act; but, having the power to forbid this crime being enacted day after day, and not doing so, it is *responsible* for the whole barbarous system.—AUTHOR.

Wealthy nations, young and hoary,
Boast of aping, brute renown;
Tune your war-songs, void of glory,
Fly your flags in every town!

But from out each raving city—
Rising to the roofless dome—
Parts the sound of songless pity,
Coming from each hungry home.

Hear their hymn, O nations hear them—
They, the slavelings born in slime!
Few have learned to love, none fear, them—
Such are only food for crime!

But, arise, ye just and human!
Must their voice invoke in vain?
What are ye, then, man and woman,
That ye hear and feel no pain? /

Scarce their little feeble fingers
Put to task a treach'rous tool,
Fact'ry fittings are their singers,
Fact'ry "fiction" is their school.

Morn doth never bring them gladness,—
Sun rays never see them wake;
Starved and sore, they speak of sadness,
When the gladd'ning dawn doth break.

Dragg'd from bed—when others, resting,
Never dream that bairns so small
Are already up, and hastening
To the dreaded whistle's call.

There to reap their meagre rations,
At the cost of life and health,—
That the mongers of the nations
May horde up their mighty wealth!

Woodlands never see them wander,
 When the trees their beauty take;
 Nightfall never makes them ponder,
 Watching twinkling stars awake.

These are children void of childhood;
 Flowers blasted in the bud;
 Sprigs that, strangled in the wildwood,
 Richer make the ruthless mud!

They know not the charms of Nature,
 Naught of beauty, time and space;
 Lashed to work by *legislature*;
 Victims of a raving race.

Aye, the glory! See these millions
 Working out their weary lives,
 That the wealth may pile in trillions,
 And each *thoughtful* nation thrives!

March along, O' false Elation,—
 Time shall trace your shameful tracks;
 See —— the “glories” of each nation
 Borne by feeble, aching backs!

NOTE.

While factory life of eight and ten hours a day for the profit of greedy plutocrats offers in no sense a proper educational environment for children, still as between this extreme and the “idleness” plan of bringing up children with no provision for making useful work a part of a child’s rearing, unquestionably the sweat shop system is the better of the two.

It is unfortunate that nearly all humanitarians who discuss “child labor” merely imply “idleness” as the other alternative instead of taking a middle ground and projecting a plan of industrial education to provide for every boy and girl at least three or four hours of *useful work* each day which in conjunction with proper hours for recreation, suitable time also to be provided for music, drawing and book culture, would have better results in the way of rearing balanced human beings, would train the muscles to become handy in the use of tools and establish the characteristics of industry, originality and initiative on a firm basis, without impairing the mental or physical health of the child.—EDITOR.

DEAR SERCOMBE:

I take much pleasure in reading To-MORROW. You seem to take a calm consideration of all questions and be willing to freight up at all stations. Keep your headlight of reason lit, ballast up with the sand of courage, clear the track with the plow of determination, open the throttle of wisdom, throw off the brakes, whistle and let her go. Yours,

JAMES HART,

Consolation

BY WALTER HURT.

I long for you—this song for you
Is faith's responsive call;
I do not think it wrong for you
To love me over all.
I know wherever I may be,
Your heart, where'er you are,
Still beats for me, still meets my plea
As steadfast as a star.

Though weary leagues lie long between
The spots where we abide,
And many months now intervene
Since I went from your side,
No time nor space can separate
The tender hearts and true,
For love has learned to hope and wait
The years of yearning through.

I dreamed the vintage of success
To sip, and find it sweet,
But drain the dregs of last distress
And aloes of defeat.
Upon the world's wide battle-field,
Where my lost fight was made,
I cling unto a shattered shield
And grasp a broken blade.

By aiming high I missed each mark
That Triumph held in view,
Yet through the distance and the dark
I reach my hands to you.
And though for me no beacon-light
Guides to life's golden goal,
I feel your love's white arms tonight
Embrace my stricken soul.

TO-MORROW'S CHANGE OF POLICY

To-Morrow announces that, commencing with the August number, it will add a Health and Rational Food Department; that is, while continuing as an exponent of Rational Life and Thought, it will bring its philosophy to bear in a practical way and not only teach the gospel of Rational Food, Rational Dress and Rational Exercise, but will manufacture and supply the trade with TESTED FOODS and conduct a HEALTH HOME for patients on Rational To-Morrow lines.

The Editor will accept pupils by mail and in class in THE SCIENTIFIC INTERPRETATION OF LIFE, either for purposes of cure or for study, and the entire space in the magazine will be taken up by the Staff Editors, so that very little if any room will be left for outside contributors.

The Editor and assistants are athletes, non-meat eaters, are abstemious in all ways, lead the Simple Life, know the philosophy of fasting, and, by rational Nature Methods, they declare that they can bring back any patient to health and happiness who is not already so completely broken down that there is nothing left to build upon.

Selfishness

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.



Can we really maintain, as does Comrade Kuehn, for instance, that every thought and act of our lives is selfish? I think not.

Comrade Kuehn, in his dependence on the force and brilliancy of his logic, is very likely to overlook fundamentals, and has done so in this case. His term, "enlightened selfishness," signifying good done with the expectation and knowledge that it will be good for us, does not escape selfishness, and at the same time, does not cover the whole remaining field of thought, feeling and action.

For selfishness is entirely a matter of motive—of emotion—and a course of action, or a single act, that is followed by satisfactory results in the way of joy and happiness or goods, does not necessarily brand it as selfish. It depends completely upon the purpose in the heart.

We will not here try to study out the evil effects of selfishness, because all of us see and feel them daily in and about us, but let us try to find the differences and distinctions in selfishness, altruism, and unselfishness, and the effects of the latter, if it were applied generally to our daily lives and social relations.

Selfishness presupposes action, done consciously, or habitually from former consciously motivated acts, with the intention and purpose that it shall react gainfully or beneficially according to a definite plan. With this design and aim, the greatest "altruistic" effort is lowered to a self-gratification.

This selfishness has given rise to our private ownership society, which has mothered and nourished the great capitalist system of industry, whereby it is possible for one party to gain the ownership and control of a great amount of the natural wealth of the Earth, and with this power, to suppress and oppress others for private gain and personal possessions. And this same attitude has been the destructive and disintegrating force in all attempts at "group life" to date.

This mode of life has come into such general acceptance as the only way to get on in the world, that the great majority never stop to think of its baneful influences, nor its eventual goal of individual and social ill-health. But its own power and methods all eventually work for its disintegration and death—the natural death of all organisms and conditions that have served their allotted time, giving place to transformations and new adjustments of their particles that shall embody more of harmony, health, and brotherhood.

Selfishness is often opposed in thought and meaning to altruism, but it should be used more correctly as opposed to *unselfishness* only. For altruism gives one the impression of action done with the avowed purpose of giving in such a way as shall rebound to the credit of the donor, either in goods, reputation, or position.

Very often "altruistic" effort takes the form of pure selfishness, as in the case of the rich, who give to "sweet charity" or some already over-gorged capitalist school, in order that they may be heralded abroad as a munificent benefactor. Or perhaps more often in these cases, they give that they may bribe their accusing consciences, for having robbed a portion of their brethren of a proper share of the Earth's bounteous endowment to all creatures.

It is very difficult, for minds contaminated with the poison of our present set of greed and graft convictions, to grasp a conception of the fullness of an unselfish soul and its stamp of feeling, thought, and action. But there are such, born of a union of Trust and Love.

Come! Loll with me on the grassy slope for a short while, and let us build air castles in the genial sunshine. Let your imagination erect for you, on the foundation of a universal law, a structure of beautiful material and of matchless proportion—a dream edifice.

The Soul that has an abiding trust in the Justice of the Laws of Life, and an unbounded love for the Unity of all Life manifestations; the Soul that does its work and performs useful, helpful service in any capacity for love—love, either for the work itself, or for that person or purpose for which the work is done—cannot correctly have the appellation of a selfishness applied to it.

I grant you that it is to such free spirits as these to which the greatest returns come, in the way of friendship, love, and the necessities and comforts of life. It is the person who relinquishes all claim to personal gain and all ownership considerations, and who depends upon his service to those about him, who can have anything on the earth within his reach or the reach of his friends. It is only when a person becomes self-seeking that there is a barrier raised up between him and his fellowmen.

But merely because there are great rewards to the loving giver does not necessarily imply selfish motives in the service. He takes no shot of getting, because he has no need; the things necessary for his character development and general welfare are ever at hand—the natural result of his untiring devotion and labor of love. His joy and happiness in ministration leave no room for selfness.

Now lift the door from the cage of imagination and let it soar to the highest peaks and view a marvelously fair panorama.

In a society where there should be no private ownership nor desire for it; where there should be comradeship and loving service to the community in which each individual should find itself; where the little children should be trained up in a self-reliant and free atmosphere, with some chance to let their natural desires, inherent in their beings, reach full expression; there would we have a poised, rational basis of living, opulence for all units, an independent womanhood and a free motherhood, with only love as ruler over all. With each and all filled with the desire for kindly service, with no monopoly of the natural forces and products of Nature, no hoarding and no poverty, we will have realized the Co-operative Commonwealth, the New Democracy, a condition far surpassing even the wild-est fancies of Socialism or Anarchism.

This vision is prophetic. We have the foundation for the castle and the plans are being tested. More and more of those who are awakening and beginning to think out the meaning of life and its use, are working at the perfection of the plans in accordance with the Pattern of Nature. More and more are our philosophy and religion allying themselves with this purpose. Co-operation and Brotherhood—freedom of thought and speech—are being recognized and encouraged.

Truth is to become the only guide, leading us into the ways of love and unity, and brotherly kindness to all creatures.

TROT OUT YOUR DICTIONARY

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

A writer in a recent issue of *To-Morrow*, under the head of "Inspiration in General," says:

"The street laborer, dependent upon the labor of his hands and feet for a crust of bread, is 'inspired' to labor, exactly as the artist, the musician, the poet and the preacher are 'inspired.' The impulse of the laborer to labor, that he may have something to put in his stomach, is in the last analysis the same as that which moves the players to play, the singer to sing and the writer to write."

Now, being in the habit of wasting valuable time on writing what I, perhaps mistakenly, call poetry, from an inward push that I suppose to be "inspiration," the real thing, and not having been driven to the work in order to "earn a crust of bread," as the good Lord knows one would starve if they waited for poetry to feed them; and as I know from personal experience that the inward push that makes a fellow "hustle" for the "crust" is absolutely and entirely another kind of feeling, I just naturally referred the matter to Webster's Unabridged for decision. I find the definition of "Inspiration" as being—selecting the most general sense—"The act of exercising an elevating influence upon the intellect or emotions; an extraordinary elevation of the imagination or other power of the soul."

The writer further says:

"Where do I get my inspiration?"

Where the road digger gets his."

To my notion a gauntness in the pit of the stomach is in no wise inspiration. A desire to put a beautiful thought into fitting words is.

It is true both sensations are felt "inside."

But in this day of thought transference, of hypnotic control, of mind reading, and of trance, of clairvoyance and claraudience, it seems to me the person who takes it upon himself to make a statement that all thought, of influence—to be explicit, "inspiration"—is a thought of the personal mind, forced into notice by some call of the physical, is assuming a preternatural knowledge of the workings of thought, that he would have a "Dickens" of a time in an attempted demonstration.

It is all right to assert what we know, but guess-work is to truth what fog is to the sea, a necessity for fog horns.

I like *To-Morrow*, it has the right ring and gives the true state of the race question. I am 80 years old, was born and raised in Mississippi. My father had slaves. We all grew up together in the same field and so I know what I am talking about.

Yours truly,
O. H. OVERSTREET.

Department of Natural Living

NATURAL LIVING PHILOSOPHY

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.

Be yourself. Be natural and sensible, regardless of customs and traditions. These were established for the government of ignorant tribes centuries ago by the kings, and not for the sensible human beings of to-day. Break from them—it may require a little courage—but you can do it, and the struggle will make you a stronger man or woman.

These "sacred things" are the greatest form of Despotism that the Race has to deal with to-day. They prevent us from Impersonal Thinking and acting, and they make us slaves of "ghosts." We think they are a part of us and would die if we gave them up, when, with a little *Impersonal Thinking* we could easily see that they originated with the ancient kings, grew up around kings, and have been handed down to us as "Infallible Laws," which we must obey. They are the shackles that hold us down to Ignorance.

Be happy. A cheerful disposition, under all circumstances, is the result of a proper view of the meaning of life. To be otherwise is to be unnatural, narrow and ignorant. Wisdom makes a man contented, it leads him to see life in wholesale and not from the standpoint of "pet notions." The wise man is a Constructive Thinker. Are you wise?

Be good. Virtue is the Treasure of the Wise. The man that is really Good cannot be otherwise. To him Nature is the Teacher, and in the manifestations of her handiwork he gets his lessons for his daily life. He sees her beauty and enjoys her songs. Be Good and you will Live.

Be hopeful. It is the birth-right of every living atom to hope. The plant, sleeping beneath the snows, unknown and forgotten for a time, living in the buoyancy of expectation that the Spring with its sun and rain will throw ajar the doors of the tomb of Winter that it may claim its new birth, has a hope that surpasses the fondest dreams of the Idealist. The vibrations of its entity tells it that there awaits a broader, nobler and fuller life. It pictures in its own little consciousness the green stems, the unfolding flowers and the wayes of perfume riding the breezes.

Why, then, should not human beings have the same hope? Why, then, should not man believe in himself, his source and his destiny? All Nature is governed by the same law. When we get the great fact established in our minds that the same Law that causes the planets to circle in space, the flowers to bloom, the birds to fly, the tide to rise, the vines to climb, and the hundred other manifestations in human life, we cannot avoid knowing that we, too, are a part of the same great system, and the same Law is the Teacher of our Real Progress.

We urge upon our comrades to form the habit of reading and study. To lead the Natural Life the mind must be exercised as well as the muscles. It is a harmonious relationship between the two that develops a well rounded being.

Select books that follow the line of your Better Self. Read with an aim, and not in a desultory manner. For those that seek advice as to what books to read, so as to form a clear conception of life, we request them to write to us. We will tell you just what to begin with, so that the study will be a pleasure and not a labor, as is the case with so many in seeking advancement along the line of Constructive Thinking.

Mr. Sercombe's Course in Fundamental Thinking, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, may be just the thing for some of you. It is not "dreamy," as so many teachings along advanced lines are. The author is a practical man, who has spent years in study and experimentation in every department of human knowledge. He has gathered into a system "the accumulated learning" of our time, and from this he has evolved a philosophy that offers a solution for every problem that confronts the human race. In his own words, "The sum of all scientific knowledge forms a Net Work of Facts and Principles which, properly understood, will guide you to the Truth in every field of inquiry." In applying for admission the applicant must write an essay of not more than two hundred words, containing his best thought on a favorite subject.

Since the scientific food fad has taken hold of the new thought people, there have sprung up all over the country food manufacturing concerns claiming that they have a diet that will renew the youth, etc. Many of them are good, but there are others that play upon the fads of the public. As advocates of Rational Eating we are making arrangements to test different cereals, etc., and supply our readers with the pure article. The reader will notice that this is a move wholly in harmony with our policy. Questions regarding the selection of foods are requested.

Our readers' attention is called to our "Peek-a-boo" Shoes, advertised elsewhere in To-MORROW. They are our latest addition to Rational Living goods. We have a large stock of them, just imported from Mexico. Send for a pair, \$1.50, postpaid. Also send for a pair of our "Vegetarian Socks." They are the best thing out for anti-meat eaters. They are 40 cents a pair, postpaid.

FOOD AND MEDICINE

BY DR. WILLARD CARVER.

There is no food but natural food. The most hair-brained, wild-eyed philosopher of New Thought has never seriously promulgated the conception of artificial food.

It is of no consequence what is done to a certain substance, classified as food products, say, wheat, barley, beef, nuts and the like, they still remain food and good food, too, so long as they retain the properties required by the digestive system into which they shall go, but if, when they enter the organism intended for food, they are not of the chemical consistency required by the organism at that particular time, they to that system are not *food*, and cannot be utilized as such. If the particular thing chosen to eat shall prove to be wholly repugnant to the digestive system into which it is introduced, no matter whether it is in its natural state or has been *naturally* boiled, fried or stewed, it will not remain, but will produce such unfriendly and bellicose surroundings that rebellion will result in revulsion and the intruder will be landed unsustained and alone in the cold, hard world.

If the part eaten proves to be not wholly obnoxious it may remain in the system, the obnoxious element producing, by unfriendly chemical combination, many untoward and sometimes damaging effects until it is neutralized by combination with other chemicals or is ejected from the system.

It will thus be seen that the question of whether a given product is *food* cannot be determined before it is eaten. How many times you have sat down to a table spread with those things you have been wont to consider the very best of food, with an appetite keen and ready, and before finishing the meal have been forced to beat a hasty retreat to give those products to the free winds. A few later efforts to eat resulting the same way, you have asked your medical doctor for the cause. After an examination of your pulse, tongue and temperature—which had about as much to do with it as the rabbit's foot you wore on your watch-fob—told you that you were bilious, or—which was still farther from specific—your stomach was out of order, all because your poor stomach at that particular time had a radically different view of what constituted food for *it* than your view of what constituted food. If you had known what your stomach would have accepted as food you could have eaten it with impunity.

It follows that all the multi-various talk about pure, natural and unadulterated food in the last analysis is degraded to a discussion of the "Preponderance of the Evidence," and not the "proof." In other words, all are agreed that those are the foods to be sought after, yea, to be had at any price. But the proof that an article is food must be the specific test and will be found not to inhere in the chemical constituency of the proposed substance for consumption nor yet in the chemical contents of the digestive system to be used, but in the harmony existing between the two when admixed.

Until it can be shown that the chemical consistency of the contents of the stomach, or any other part of the digestive organs, can be instantly and accurately ascertained, all discussion of food must be based purely upon speculation. That is to say, its basis must be hypothetical—pure unadulterated theory—only saved from shocking ridiculousness by the fact that it is fashionable now, and from the dawn of history has been, to eat diluted products which are composed principally of water and containing a small amount of solids with a still smaller amount of active chemicals. It thus happens that, generally speaking, notwithstanding our grievous mistakes as to what at any particular time is food to our digestive apparatus, we are mercifully spared many grave results because the chemical antagonism is thus rendered not of sufficient malignity.

The number of cases where the malignity of the chemical antagonism resulting from forcing upon an unprepared digestive system a *supposed* food results in deadly poisoning are about in proportion to those that have met with a congenial chemical condition from the administration of drugs. The deductions are logical and natural and can be readily made by the reader.

The law that only those substances that are chemically congenial to the digestive system at a given time are food is based upon a fact destined to dethrone and overthrow the so-called science of medicine, which is, that it is impossible to know the chemical consistency of the contents of the digestive system at a given time, and, therefore, impossible to select a chemical or medical agent, known before experiment, to be congenial to it or helpful, or even not dangerous. All of which is only another way of saying that there are no specifics in medicine, which fact even its most ignorant votaries will freely admit.

Of course the above applies to treatment of disease by medicine and not to the science of chemistry. The science of chemistry sustains the same relation to medication as the high sounding twaddle of the whole-wheater, natural fooders, nut-eaters, non-porkers, non-meaters does to the actual specific question of what is *food* in a *real* case at a *given time*, which is actually none at all, although because of nature's extreme kindness in the hour of error it is rendered difficult for us to realize this inexorable fact.

The study of chemistry only serves to refine the *guessing* power of the medicator. All this speculation and exploitation of food theories serves in the end the same purpose to the eater, his guessing ability is much more *refined*, but not one whit more *certain* than before.

The rules which should govern eating are simple, natural and easily understood. They may be stated as follows:

1. Learn the capacity of the stomach and never exhaust it, even to be a "good fellow."

2. Eat anything your appetite craves, eating it slowly, carefully and thoroughly. Even the swine flesh which Brother Huckins anathematizes, remembering that like the farmers to whom he referred the hog "is the pure and undefiled child of Mother Earth."

3. Make radical changes in your products for food often, covering in your selection the entire chemistry of the body, so far as known, thus giving nature the factors for elaboration. You will come to grief now and then in the application of this rule, because of an obnoxious chemical admixture. It cannot be helped, and is the best you can do, but if you keep the two preceding rules, the results of such an accident are little likely to be grave.

4. Never eat what you fear.

5. Do not fear what you have eaten.

Remember, it is not what you do, but how you do it that makes for success, and that it is of little consequence what you eat from the standpoint of health, but it is all important how you eat and how you live.

With all due respect to Dr. Carver, surely he must admit that it is not the stomach but the *body* that is the arbiter of *what is food*.

The body may be craving nourishment, good food may be received into the stomach and expelled, and still be the very food that would best nourish the body.

On the assumption that stomachs as a rule have not been abused and perverted from their normal powers of discrimination, it might be rational to suppose that it always works in perfect harmony with the desires and needs of the body for nourishment, but how well we know that this is not the case. We know that stomachs are abused and perverted and we know they may often refuse the very food most desirable for purposes of nutrition.

EDITOR

Fasting would never be necessary, if people ate only natural foods in a natural and rational manner. If we ate food only when really *hungry* for it, then understood and ate only what the system was calling for, and ate it in the proper way, masticating it until thoroughly insalivated or until all taste had disappeared, there could never be a digestive ill. But because of the unnatural foods we eat, that deplete energy and create abnormal conditions; because of our eating at "meal time" whether hungry or no; and because we take no care or thought and exercise no control over the only part of the digestive processes which is subject to our direct volition, it becomes necessary to give the body a rest from its over-crowding to allow it to recuperate and cleanse itself. Either give yourself a rest occasionally from your gorging, or you will rest permanently in a much shorter time than necessary. Get your thinker to working, and straighten yourself out. Line up with Nature!

Editor To-MORROW: I have read the February To-MORROW nearly through and I have been asking myself "What is Freedom?" Or what is the kind that is valuable and worth trying to get?

The first answer that comes to one is this: To be free to get a sufficient amount of knowledge and ability to act in harmony with all of Nature's laws, for then I need not much thought of man's laws and opinions. This, I think, would be the top notch of Freedom.

In the meantime would I make faster progress toward this end if I should try to make radical changes in human laws, where they seem to restrain me in some of my seemingly natural desires?

It seems as if this would be to begin at the wrong end and waste a lot of strength that would be better spent in getting a true knowledge of Nature's laws, for who can change a law of Nature, and what good would a freedom be that ignores, through purpose or ignorance, any of Nature's good and careful laws?

Even these same human laws we think we do not like really cut no figure at all in comparison to the laws of Nature. They should take up very little of the average man's thoughts, while his every faculty of mind should be given to putting himself carefully into harmony with Mother Nature. Then will a kind of freedom be reached that will be worth talking about.

Now, the worst thing that shows up against our race is that they are such slow learners, but perhaps there is another way of counting time from that which we have.

If anyone thinks it is not hard to follow Nature fully, let him think carefully how far-reaching she is, and into how many different places and events she takes the leading part. Please show, if you can, the least or greatest thing that is not held fast by the unchanging grip of Nature, and when that law is complied with, the touch is as soft as silk, but when attempt is made from design or ignorance to anything not in accordance therewith, then there is a tightening grip, and a corresponding lack of freedom. Through our short-sightedness we sometimes lay the cause of this lack of freedom to some human agency, and of course we attack some human law or some phase of public opinion. And so by acting from a mistaken standpoint we step out of freedom into more or less slavery. One mistake leads to another and this is the way Nature treats those who juggle with her. If a careful observation is taken I think we shall find our greatest progress is made along the exact lines of Truth, which is measured by exact conformity to all of Nature's laws, and that therein lies true Freedom.

WILLIAM E. MANN,

Norfolk, Mass.

Mr. Mann has the proper idea of freedom. He easily deserves a standing with "The Thinkers." What we want is more men and women of his caliber who will live and preach this gospel to others. The only natural way to live is to mold our lives in accordance with the beautiful and unchanging laws of Nature. Any other system will bring disorder.—Editor.

GET OUT—WAKE UP

BY AMAZONIA.

Come, Sercombe, you Giant, you ought to be out wrestling with the "elements" and getting close to the source of things, close to the rivers that really satisfy, close to the free access to life and love and useful work. By useful work I used to understand the work that benefited others, but now I know it to be the work that benefits ourselves and that we cannot be so very useful to others except by letting them alone.

Out after the early worm at the first peep of morning you get as much of life as possible before the sun goes down, for "BREATH IS LIFE" and *such air* as we have to breathe! I live all day next to the Earth and sometimes I lie right down on it and hug it, it seems so good and so "placid and self-contained." I am in a kind of transport of joy here, only that I wish every one could have so much joy, but I guess they can't for the sole reason that they are not ready for it and couldn't enjoy if they had more.

If the earth isn't the source of life it must certainly be very near to the source, for we draw from it every really useful thing: life, love, joy, truth, muscles, bones, liver, and everything else worth having. When I get so close to earth and life any other kind of work seems so artificial and so empty of results that it seems a pity almost for you to spend your days in writing and talking to those who do not understand and I hope that some day you will lay down your pen and take up your shovel and hoe and hammer and axe and demonstrate the principles of life and love and freedom and really express yourself as you cannot there.

You can't be natural there; you can't be yourself; you can neither work nor enjoy life in that abnormal place. You have simply no chance to be free. It will do you good to go camping with McPherson this summer and I think a few weeks of it will so free you from the burdens you are now under that you will never be satisfied to go back if you have to make you a dugout and flock all alone by yourself. You would make a very good circle of friends all by yourself, and we do not have so much and so good company at any time as when we are alone or with those of whom we are a part.

Yesterday we gathered armfuls of water lilies and turtles and seaweeds and chased ducks across the lake. The men go bathing and diving off the pier and it is great fun to see them in the water. They look like pond lilies, with only their heads above water, and we could only imagine them to be human beings when they squirted the water out of their noses and mouths, for pond lilies as a rule are not embellished with those superficial adornments.

The dog and I sat on the pier and dangled our tail and feet respectively over the edge into the water and resisted the impolite advances of the mosquitoes and philosophized about life and heaven and hell, only we don't think so very much about hell, either, come to think about it.

Bureau of Group Organization

The following is an alphabetical list of coöperative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....	1452 Webster Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Arden (Single Tax).....	Grubbs P. O., Del.
Amana Society.....	Amana, Iowa
Beacon Company.....	Aberdeen, S. D.
Bryngolen.....	Ilfracombe, Eng.
Bureau of Helpfulness	Box 54, Collinwood, O.
Colorado Coöperative Company.....	Nucla, Colo.
Coöperative Assn. of America...5	Park Square, Boston, Mass.
Coöperative Mfg. Company..315 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.	
Co-operative Commonwealth of America	
	451 Van Buren St., Chicago
Co-operative Brotherhood	Burley, Wash.
Evergreens.....	Ollalla, Wash.
Fellowship Farm.....	Westwood, Mass.
Fraternal Homemakers' Society...70	Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
General Industrial Company.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Golden Rule Fraternity..604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.	
Helicon Home Colony.....	Englewood, N. J.
Home Colony.....	Lake Bay, Wash.
Home Employment Company.....	Long Lane, Mo.
Koreshan Community.....	Esteró, Fla.
League of American Homesteads.....	
	425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.
Le Claire Group.....	Edwardsville, Ill.
Lloyd Group.....	Westfield, N. J.
Los Angeles Fellowship.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Martha McVister.....	Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.
Modern Harvesters.....	17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Mutual Home Association.....	Home, Wash.
New Clairvaux	Montague, Mass.
Oneida Community.....	Oneida, N. Y.
Physical Culture City.....	Spotswood, N. J.
Right Relationship League.....	427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
Rose Valley Group.....	1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Roycrofters.....	East Aurora, N. Y.
Ruskin Commonwealth.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Salvation Army.....	120 West Fourteenth St., New York City
Single Tax City.....	Fairhope, Ala.
Society of Believers	Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

Spirit Fruit Society.....	Ingleside, Ill.
Straight Edge.....	1 Abingdon Square, New York City
The Israelite House of David.....	Benton Harbor, Mich.
The Ruskin Coöperators.....	516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
To-Morrow City Movement.....	2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

A PROSPEROUS COLONY

Dear Comrade:

Yours suggesting that I send you something of the General Industrial Company is received and appreciated.

The company is conducted along co-operative lines in the production and distribution, but the homes are individual property, with a clause in the deed that they can never pass into possession of a third party.

Thirdly, the company will always determine who shall be residents of the village, and that while we were heretofore desirous to increase our membership, we are now soon expecting to accept a few additional members. The company has 1,000 acres of the best land in this state, and we will shortly purchase 225 acres more, and that the town of Ruskin is wholly a part of this property. We have no encumbrance, and we will shortly have printed matter explaining our plans in full.

Thanking you, I am Fraternally yours,
J. G. STEFFES, Ruskin, Tenn.

THE MODERN SONS OF MARX.

Dear Comrades:

We notice a fine epitome of the objects of the Order of the Golden Rule, and request mention of our fraternity, The Modern Sons of Marx, the objects of which are briefly stated as follows: First, to unite fraternal persons socially fit, who recognize the class struggle, the necessity of common action amongst the disinherited and oppressed, against the present possessors of the sources of man's common life.

Second, to give moral and material aid to its members and its dependents.

Third, to educate all along the line of their material welfare and a more just mode of conducting the world's affairs.

Fourth, definite action against the present possessors of the sources of man's common life.

In case you think our order worthy of mention we will be glad of any criticism. Fraternally yours in B. C.,

MODERN SONS OF MARX.

The Modern Sons of Marx, as its by-laws state, is strictly socialistic in its character, and has been organized for the purpose of supplying sick and accident benefits, and as soon as possible supplying death benefit to the bereaved families or their dependents.

The qualifications for membership are as follows: The applicant must be 17 years or upward. He must recognize the class

struggle and the necessity for common action among the oppressed against the present possessions of the sources of man's common life.

Comrades who care to know more about the Order are requested to write to Vernon F. King, General Secretary, Holland, Mich.—(Editor.)

MONEYMAN WANTS TO FORM GROUP

Campgaw, N. J.—The Paterson Railway Works, Claude Ferdmane, owner, wishes to form a Group to own his business on J. B. Gordin principle. Lands, shops, tools, to be collective. Property, household goods and clothing to be private property.

I want one hundred men of my trade, forty blacksmiths, forty finishers and twenty helpers. Conditions to be admitted, trial at the forge and bench, sober and willing to work for the good of all. Shares, six hundred dollars each, one hundred dollars cash to buy land to start building, and the balance to be borrowed from members or other persons for ten years. This money will be to build a house for members, \$30,000, and \$20,000 for shop. *No Landlord.* We will make arrangement after twenty-five years' work, that members may retire on \$350 a year pension, similar to that of the J. B. Gordin group. This is my plan and I hope that the next Number may have many more such practical ones for the study of economic industry of all kinds.

Yours for co-operation,

CLAUDE FERDMANE.

Comrades who are interested in Mr. Ferdmane's form of co-operation are advised to write to him.—(Editor.)

THE NEW SOUTH SYSTEM

BY H. E. SAWDON.

What are called "the problems of civilization, ethics, social economy, etc.," are exceedingly simple, if we but use the right principles as a basis of inquiry. In three or four years the average child can understand ethics and social economy better than preachers and so-called statesmen of today. We are now using the ethics and economics of ancient times instead of using the best. For example, we are using the inferior and antiquated principles—robbery, slavery and murder—instead of liberty and brotherhood.

Among the new set of principles and measurements few people realize what a vast change it would make did the nation use the knowledge that "life is for happiness," instead of "life is for money," or to please some god who wants us to be unnatural, to accept pain and not pleasure. If mere honesty were nationally established its effect would be the greatest labor-saving scheme known to history.

We need no longer use force and despotism.

Liberty means that each person will receive their labor equivalent—receive their own. If all persons who work are but given what is their own, how can it cost society anything?

Eating is a part of life, as are also music, fragrance and beauty. All the education necessary is to learn how to produce and use those things which contribute the most happiness.

The ideal is, where each person can select the vocation he chooses and where each is so highly developed as to character and industry that he is already prepared to do his share of the world's work.

A KNOCK ON THE CHURCH

To the Editor:

I was much interested in the article, "Taxation of Church Property," by Helen M. Lucas, in the April To-MORROW.

As you say, there is need of discussion on this subject.

The churches are becoming more powerful all the time.

They not only own many buildings and small pieces of land all over the country but they can, under the name of religious organizations, acquire large tracts of land and engage in any or all commercial occupations, and be exempt from taxes, in most of the states.

About twelve miles from my home there is a settlement called Amana, or the Dutch Colony. This society owns a large tract of land and is very wealthy and powerful. The state of Iowa recently tried to end its existence on the ground that religious corporations have no right to engage in business. The case was tried before the courts of the state, and the decision was in favor of the society. The following is a quotation from a Des Moines paper relative to the matter:

"The Amana society, Iowa's world-famed communistic corporation, has won a desperate fight to maintain its existence, in the face of steps taken by the state of Iowa to force its dissolution. The Iowa supreme court yesterday handed down a decision which makes the society secure in its right to exist as a religious corporation. The society will also keep its \$2,372,530 of property exempt from taxation, as heretofore."

"The opinion handed down by the court is of great importance, for it establishes the right of religious corporations to engage in gainful occupations.

"The Amana society owns seven villages and 26,255 acres of land in Iowa and Johnson counties. It has 1,750 members, all of whom hold all their property in common. The property of the society is valued at \$2,372,530, consisting of acreage, 280 dwellings, 51 barns, two woolen factories, one cotton factory, seven sawmills, stores, lumber. The community is complete, producing and supplying all the needs of its people in the way of food and clothing. Amana is one of the most notable successes as a communistic settlement, and has long been the theme of sociologists.

"The state of Iowa, prohibited by statute from taxing the property of a religious corporation, sought to have the corporation dissolved on the ground that a religious corporation has no authority to engage in gainful pursuits."

This contention was overruled in both the lower and higher courts.

According to this decision, in the state of Iowa there is no limit to what churches can do. The Amana settlement, considered itself, is a creditable enterprise, but when it seeks to evade just taxation it becomes a leech. It lives off from the state without giving anything in return. The colony becomes more wealthy all the time, and the people in Iowa who do not belong to the Amana settlement have to pay enough to the state, in taxes, to make up for what the settlement evades.

It isn't just that people at large should be obliged to support all churches. It is a direct infringement of the constitution, which declares for the civil and religious liberty of the individual.

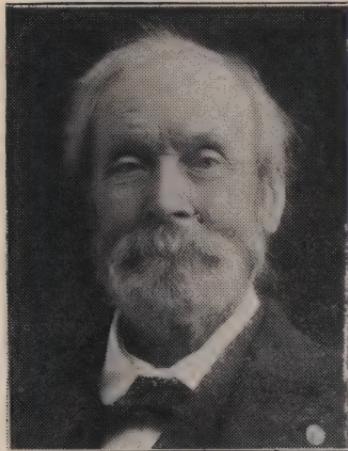
The churches, of course, consider that it is right for them to evade taxation. They always have done it and they always will do it if the public allows them to. My opinion is that the mass of people ought to rise in their power and either force the churches and religious organizations to pay their just taxes or politely tell them to "skidoo." Sincerely yours,

ANNIE LILLIAN SWETT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT

JOHN HART

101 years old April 4, 1907.



The annexed picture of John Hart, the patriarch of the Old Guard, was taken about June 1, and shows him hale and hearty, probably the oldest Freethinker in the United States.

A friend of his writes us that he appears as active as a man of fifty years, that he debates in a lively manner with ministers and others who try to convert him, but he tells them that he will outlive them all and let them get thoroughly settled in heaven before he comes along. He has an excellent memory and familiarly recites many verses and even chapters from the Bible in punctuating his discussions, and being a great patriot and a

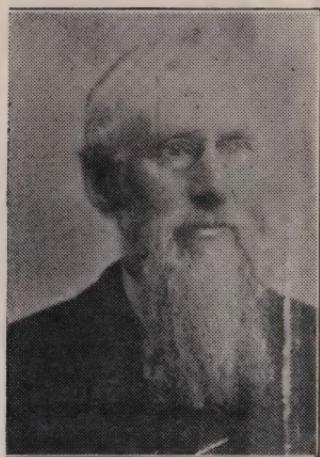
lover of the flag, he has his house painted in red, white and blue, so that there is no danger of his forgetting his nationality.

He is a survivor of the Civil War and was born in 1806 in New York City, although he has not visited the metropolis for forty-five years, but expects to go down to Coney Island this summer and have a high old time with a friend, and probably will succeed in painting his birthplace in his favorite tri-color.

Notwithstanding his advanced age John Hart has excellent eyesight, and makes a practice of walking five or six miles every day, realizing that fundamentally defeat of death lies in "keepin' a movin'." As to diet, he is satisfied with bread and butter or bread without butter, any way so as to be independent, as he abhors being a burden upon others. He has two brothers, the younger one sixty-three years of age, and the other day, in his presence he told the way by which he gets other people to reading liberal literature. For years he has been a subscriber to the *Truth Seeker* and several other free thought publications, and when he finishes reading them he wraps them carefully and writes on the wrapper "To-morrow's reading," and on Saturday night, between the hours of twelve and one, he places them under the doors of those whom he thinks need the jolt.

A friend and comrade of the old man tells us that he will accept no assistance in getting on and off cars, that before one can lend him a hand he jumps off in such a lively manner and enjoys his own agility so keenly that he is made the subject of constant wonderment among those who know him, but he lays the fact of his excellent physical condition to his extremely abstemious diet and the fact that he wastes no time in thinking of a heaven hereafter, but makes life worth the living while he is still here on this earth.

JOSEPH HAIGH, AGE 83



I was born in England in 1824, my parents being pious and respectable. I went to Sunday school and church every Sunday and learned all about the religious trumpery, and in my boyish days I thought I was very foolish. I was born in a poor part of the country and raised poor. When I was seven years old instead of being sent to school, I was sent to work in a mill for two shillings a week. I had six brothers and three sisters. I do not think any of them ever joined a church, but they were all good and honorable men and women. Only my brother and myself are living of that large family.

I worked for my father until I was 21, and then struck out to do for myself. I got better work and better pay. My father and family wanted to come to me. I helped them move, got them work and a place to live.

I never joined a church or believed in Christian superstition. I spent much time inquiring and investigating. I made up in my mind that the Christian religion was nothing but a foolish superstition. The Church and the Government had the people under control, and I could see no chance for a poor man but remain poor. I then made up my mind that I would leave the country and go to America. When I was 25 years old I packed my grip and took passage on a sailing ship to New York. I fought the waves for eight weeks, had no friends or acquaintances, but I helped myself and got along. From New York I went to Philadelphia and met a good friend who gave me work the first day I landed, and we remained friends as long as he lived.

I improved and raised a crop on forty acres at Chicago in 1855, that is now covered with streets and houses. I pre-empted and improved 160 acres of government land at Chebanse, Ill. I lived on it and worked it for fifty years, till I was too old. I am now 83. I have been a liberal all my life. I do not believe in heaven or hell, God or devils, or life after death. When I believe a thing I want a reason for it.

I have lived a long and active life and the world is nothing like it was when I was a boy. Religion has improved with other things, and the supernatural part is almost dead. I know that my time is now very short, and I do not care how short. If I knew that this was my last day it would not trouble me any.

Fraternally,
Jos. HAIGH, Kankakee, Ill., June 1, 1907.

RATIONAL SIMPLE LIFE

We shall have place for one or two energetic, intelligent young men at To-MORROW Fellowship Home, to take charge of departments of the magazine and home work. A rare training for those who can live on vegetable diet, two meals a day. It will develop your individuality in congenial employment in a brotherhood atmosphere. Liberal minded young men who feel out of place in their conventional surroundings will take delight in this natural free life. We prefer those who have seen something of the world and are prepared by experience to appreciate the "difference." We have plenty of extra sandals for your tired feet. Write to Sercombe himself.

TO MABEL

By MYRA PEPPER.

Dear little friend of the sunny face,
 Your rippling hair and inborn grace,
 Soft bright eyes which the soul shines through,
 Do you love me, Sweet, as I love you?

In the thoughts that burn in the busy brain,
 If our life's best hope—our life's worst pain,
 Thoughts that will brighten and set us free—
 Is there one, Sweetheart, just one for me?

When days seem dark to your brave true soul
 And clouds like billows around you roll,
 May the love I bear, bring a blessing true,
 May you love me, Dear, as I love you.

DR. C. W. COOPER, CLEVES, OHIO

Dear Sercombe: I was born at North Bend, Ohio, which is of historic interest on account of its having been the home of old General Harry. My family was poor, my father being an unusually successful business man, who consequently had the honor to be consanguinely related to me. My manager. Owing to this circumstance, he maintained a dead level of impecuniosity till he went to California in '49.

My father was remarkable for the evenness of his temper and mother was almost singular in her optimism and self-forgetfulness. It is said that I inherited character peculiarities about equally from my parents.

I received about a year's schooling in a country school house, having attended through four winter terms. What little book education I have has been gained without the aid of a teacher. I have always had to swim upstream, but the years of my early struggle against an adverse fate can be nothing to the reader. At the age of twenty I blossomed into a school teacher, which honorable vocation I followed for twelve consecutive years. When I quit teaching to attend a medical college I left a principalship that was paying me \$6 a day.

My parents were hereditarily Methodists. There was a church called "Brimstone" about two miles from our home. Here the zealous pulpit pounder would shake his congregation over hell for one or two lurid hours. I distinctly remember one night as we were returning from church I saw the devil. I was frightened almost into convulsions. My father took me up into his strong, loving arms (I was but six years old) and consoled and reassured me, convincing me, at least, that what I had mistaken for his "Grizzly Nibs" was but the remains of a tree that had been broken off about ten feet from the ground. That moment of childish horror has come up in my mind a thousand times since the happening. When we got home that night my father had an anxious expression on his face and he startled my mother by saying, "Can that which was preached tonight be true religion?" It set them both to thinking and from that time on they gravitated toward universalism, so that by the time I was sixteen years old they had become zealous Universalists.

At the age of fourteen I was a member of a bible class. Being naturally inclined to think, I floored my teacher every Sunday with my hard questions. This shook my faith not a little. At the age of fifteen I read Paley's Evidences, and a little later I read Butler's Analogies. The utter failure of these famous authorities to sustain their position did the work—it made a thorough infidel of me. Up to that time I never read an infidel book, but from then on I read them freely. I read first that moderate, gentle, sweet and convincing work, Paine's Age of Reason. Alas! he was mistaken about it being an age of reason, for what obloquies did not the church heap on that sainted man? Ah, the cruelty of fate—he cannot know now that civilization has left the pulpit so far behind that he is coming to his own. I was a deist for some time after reading Paine, but I am not that now. So far as I can possibly conclude, God is a phase of the universe, just as we are. IT (he?) is as helpless with reference to natural law as we are—God is our brother.

INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by LOUIS DUCHEZ

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the welling heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

There are many practical plans being formed in the different Dens of To-MORROW, and some of them will soon be put into operation. There are a million people in the United States who want to get acquainted with us, and we have decided that they shall, for we think the "knock down" would weld a friendship that will never separate.

To-MORROW Magazine beats for the great Inner Heart of Humanity. Its editor and co-workers are men and women who work for pay, but not for money. They derive daily benefits that money cannot buy. They live simply, work for the well-being of all and believe that the present system of Despotism is the cause of all the crimes of the day. It is for us, both from the standpoint of Brotherhood and duty to ourselves, to help others up in the climb for Truth and Freedom.

We are a happy, healthy bunch of fellows. We practice the form of living that we advocate, and there is not one of us that is afraid of work in any form, be it mental or physical. In fact, we hold that no person can lead a well rounded life unless he does a certain amount of physical and mental work every day. It is not our law, it is the Law of Nature, man's only true Teacher.

Our increase in help has made it so that we are able to establish a new department. While continuing as an exponent of Rational Life and Thought, To-MORROW will bring its philosophy to bear in a practical way, and not only teach the gospel of Rational Food, Rational Dress and Rational Exercise, but will manufacture and supply the trade with Tested Foods and conduct a Health Home for patients along Rational To-MORROW lines. We are going to become doers of the word and not hearers and teachers only.

We are daily acquiring more health and vigor than we have ever had before and we want it to express itself through the columns of To-MORROW. We want to put more life into every department. We want to grasp the hand of every Comrade and give it a long shake—the shake that indicates Comradeship. We want to get in closer touch with our readers, and we want a million of them.

To reach these million Comrades we are appealing to every reader to put his shoulder to the wheel. To get subscriptions and contributions whenever possible, and to assist us in letting the Thinkers of the United States know that there are people in the country interested in the Real Welfare of the Race. Do your

best, Comrades, and the results will be great. Write to us for suggestions whenever you feel you need them. The Great End for which we are struggling is the Cause of Humanity. It is Our Cause.

We call our comrades' attention to Mr. Sercombe's editorial in the last issue, entitled "Crimes in Their Order." It would be well to read the list over a few times, so as to get thoroughly established in the mind what are the crimes of our present civilization. This is the most complete category of Real Crimes ever published. They are the result of our present Moral, Educational and Commercial Despotism. The study of them will lead you to become a Thinker.

Attention is also called to our up-to-date line of books advertised in To-MORROW. There are no better books to be had, especially along the line of Inductive Thinking and its practical applications. Many of our readers are gathering a library from our list, and we advise all comrades who are able, to do the same. Good books will make your home more comfortable and happy, and the applications of their teachings will make you a broader, nobler and better man or woman.

There are so many good things begging for a place in this department that we have just had to say, "Wait a minute, there is no room." Some day To-MORROW will be a big magazine and we will have more space, so that we may publish some of the hundreds of letters from our comrades climbing upward in the struggle for the New Day. How we wish you could read some of them. They come from all over the United States and indicate that a "Better World Philosophy" is growing up among the thoughts and hearts of Humanity.

Comrades, your attention is called to the Haywood trial. Learn all you can in regard to the Cause for which Haywood is fighting. It is a struggle between Despotism and Freedom. "The Pinkerton Labor Spy," a book written by Morris Friedman, for three years a stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of Moyer-Haywood case, is one every comrade should read. It will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to To-MORROW. Send for it.

Happy is the man whose heart beats in harmony with the Big Heart of all Life. Such a man will find the good in everything, and every day will come to him as a New Birth. In the words of "Himself," within such a being, "There shall grow a love of truth for truth's sake, a love of work for work's sake, and a love of life for life's sake."

I think the golden key that unlocks the door into the realms of Truth (which takes in everything that is Good), is the habit of Impersonal Thinking. Let your own pet feelings, whether inherited or otherwise, stay in the rear and you will be surprised how rapidly you will gain the Higher Ground. Try it, comrades, and you will wonder at the results. Begin to-day.

The "Undesirable Citizens" of to-day are the "Pioneers of Progress" of To-morrow. The "Crank" of yesterday are the "martyrs" of to-day.

THE CHURCH AND THE YOUNG MAN

A problem that is worrying orthodoxy is why the young man is so cold and indifferent toward religious matters. Out of the 14 million young men in the United States between the ages of fourteen and twenty-eight, only five per cent are church goers, according to the statistics, and more than that, only two per cent are "church workers." The superstitious think it is caused by "the lurements of prosperity that is sweeping the country. Opportunity for financial success," they say, "is drawing them away from God."

However, the preachers go ahead, sometimes talking on the "indifference" of these poor, lost sons. They urge the "sayed" to use their influence in winning them back into the "fold."

If these troubled "brothers and sisters" would look at the matter from an impersonal standpoint, they would very easily see that the thing explains itself.

They partly speak the truth when they say that the "prosperity" of the country is the cause of it. In his close contact with the active world the ideas of the young man have become practical, and the fanatical stories of orthodox religion have grown foolish to him.

This change is often taking place unconsciously in the young man's mind. He doesn't reason it out, but it is there nevertheless. It is the gradual growing out of old superstitious ideas of religion. It is this form of transformation that is going to redeem the race from ignorance to Truth.

That is the point I want to make. The indication is a hopeful one, and it is already leading the "older brothers" to investigate into the matter and find the cause, if necessary.

Many preachers realize it already, but the life of their professions rests on advocating the old doctrine to the people. Among these too sincere to prostitute their minds in that respect is Henry Frank, the author of "The Doom of Dogma." Mr. Frank's book should be read by every church goer in America. He is a preacher who has progressed.

FREE CORRESPONDENCE

For seventeen years I have been writing to sick people. I receive a large number of letters every week. I have learned by experience how to reach such letters—how to read between the lines. Sick people have a way of their own in telling about their ailments. They know exactly how they feel, but do not know the medical terms by which to express themselves. Hence, they must use other words. I have learned how to interpret such letters.

Write to me if you are afflicted with some chronic disease. If I cannot help you I will tell you so. If I can help you some, but not wholly cure you, I will tell you so. If I feel sure I can cure you I will tell you so.

My principal remedies are Combination Tissue Tablets. These tablets contain the natural salts of the human body. Most chronic disease is Nature's cry for one or more of the tissue salts. Tell me how you feel and I may be able to tell you what your system is crying for.

I charge \$2 per month for treatment, which includes letters of advice.

If you wish to know more about Tissue remedies, I will send you a free booklet making a brief explanation of them. In ordering the booklet enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. Address

C. S. CARR, M. D., Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Editor: I like "Side Lights on the Race Question," by Kate Kansey Brook, very much, and believe that she is on the right side of that much-vexed question. Have both written and spoken on the subject myself when in America and look upon the act of lynch law mobs as abominations of the worst possible kind.

Do not allow your writers to get out of reasonable bounds in criticising people and customs. We want a magazine which can be *lent* as well as read in *private*.

I think if I am interested in one world question more than any other at the present time it is that of the limitation of armaments. I do not see this taken up in To-MORROW. Our great liberal Premier, Campbell-Bannerman, has taken a brave stand on this question and I wish I could see a great movement in America toward the same end.

The sex question seems to be often to the front in To-MORROW. But of what use is it to raise a fine race of people if the male portion of humankind is to make war the most laudable profession and to die on the battle field the highest goal of their ambitions?

What is the use of talking about Love (free or otherwise), if war is to still hold the nations in bondage? The time is ripe for all the friends of human progress to get a move on themselves, and first of all abolish war as a means of settling disputes between nations. Not till then will nations have at their disposal the means for carrying out great and much-needed social reforms.

WILLIAM E. BONNEY,
Basingstoke, England.

FEMININE TITLES

Dear Sercombe: Your article on "The Love Not Talked About" is too true and accounts for the impossibility of eradicating the "Miss and Mrs." custom.

When I told a friend that I would retain my maiden name, she exclaimed, "But people won't know you're married!" So long as girls are brought up with the one aim in life of marrying "well," the maiden name signifies defeat. So long as economic dependence makes woman's Struggle for Existence largely a Struggle for a Husband, just so long will women generally take their husbands' names. To sign yourself Mary Jane Smith Jones (Mrs. John H.) is such a neat way of advertising the fact that you have caught a man.

Yours for untagged freedom,

MAY BEALS.

ARISEN

BY FRANK CHESTER PEASE.

Midst the rumble and the grumble
Of the bloody profit-tumbril,
As it grinds and crushes
On its way,
Comes the steady tramping, tramping,
Of a million feet a-stamping:
Heard a moment in the rushes
Of the dollar making day.

Surging forward to the battle,
Hear the clanking and the rattle
Of their fetters falling,
Cast away:
Mingled with the moaning, moaning,
Of the multitudes a-groaning,
'Neath the burden of their galling,
Ever-present slavery.

Thrones in days gone by have trembled
When these hosts have e'er assembled,
And again they're learning
Of their might:
Strength that's ever growing, growing,
Like a mighty stream a-flowing,
Onward to its final turning,
As WORKINGMEN UNITE.

MR. ROCKEHARRIFELLERMAN COMWHITESTOCKCZOLTHAWGOSZ

BY MAUD A. THORNDYKE.

Collectively, I love him, he is part of MAN, the race.

Individually, I despise him.

Philosophically, I know he is all right.

Intuitively, I feel he is MY wrong.

Logically, I deduct him as the debris that must pass away before the onslaught of unfoldment. He is only a factor in the mighty universe, as is all. In the readjustment of Nature, he is only the medium on which is saddled the refuse of the kingdom of which he is part.

His part is as important as any. If it were possible for one atom to be more important than another (which it is *not*), I should ascribe to him the avenue through which the greatest good is to be attained, for he is of the human sewer through which is purging that which is VILE and dross in man—the race—in its onward march to a better civilization.

All things in Nature take their proper place. The Mineral kingdom is divided into the gross and less gross. So is the Vegetable; so is the Animal. In the segregation of elements, thought and impulse are factors to be considered; as thought and impulse *can* and *do* mould the organs of the physical body while in the womb of the mother, and after in the womb of environment during the years the embryo brain is plastic, the brain attuned to express to given vibrations, is all it can recognize.

A brain formed for gross thought, can only express grossly. Thoughts above that vibration cannot touch it any more than a higher vibration of color than the Violet, is comprehended by the average organ of sight; neither can the grossly organized brain rejoice in a "new birth" if left in the slough of prostituting conditions, until the seed of fertilization and conception in the sex of brain is withered. Only those who are capable of conception in the sex of brain, may revel in the ecstasy of copulation with pure thought, or be weighted with the pregnancy of ideas, or writhe in the throes of borning new truths. And so I love him, Mr. Alphabet Man, because he is the road over and through which is being carried to the refinery, the conglomeration of the metal, MAN, and in the evolvement of the pure gold, let us not despise the dirt and flint that has been its winding sheet since it left the fiery furnace wherein all was moulten gas; and in the cooling process, wherein Nature readjusted each element and attributes, likes and not likes crystallized.

If Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Joan of Arc, Paine, Ingwersoll, Lincoln, Harman, Debs, Sercombe, et al, had incorporated into their organisms *bigger hunks* of human kindness and wisdom than falls to the lot of the average mortal, what praise is due them when THEY express in the ONLY WAY they know *how* or *can*?

If Mr. Alphabet Man has 8/8 UNRIPE HUMAN MATERIAL in his makeup, is it kind, is it just to kick him because he does not and "kant kum up to our kandle?"

The progress of the race is steady, but its advancement is only noticed periodically. After centuries of unfoldment in the realm of mind, now and then a character is evolved that stands out against the background of humanity like a Morning Star

against the inky darkness of the earth's horizon. The calm certain light radiating from this star, has held the gaze of the race, and by its light, it has climbed upward toward it to a higher plane. Thus does the race progress, not in *generations* but in *individuals*.

Humanity is the she-ass that carries the christos into the city of Jerusalem.

Let down the bars of your krosseyed komstock kribbage, you Jacks, wherein you kramp the Jenneys of your households, you may yet be grandfather to a savior.

THE HAUNT OF THE HEDONIST

BY HENRY FRANK.

When heavy hung the gloom of clouds,

And bleak and dismal winds oppressed;

When heaven's golden lamp of light

Paled in the purple West;—

When ponderous torrent floods outpoured

Their wrath in inky rain,

And thunder-shock and lightning-glare

Rocked earth and roaring main;—

Affrighted, timidly I sought

The shelter of a rock,

Moss-grown and green with mould of age,

Unharmed by tempests' shock.

Not long I lay there calm and cold,

Ere I felt a soft, sweet breath

Move slowly o'er my brow and cheeks,

I thought the approach of death.

But soon my own some lips divine

Touched like a velvet flower,

My spirit drawing from my breast,

And whisp'ring, "T is Love's Bower"!

Above the seething, wailing winds,

I caught the melody

Of words as sweet as treble notes

Through plaintive threnody:—

"Here ever I abide when storms

Without are howling wild;

Here come thou ever when low-bent

With grief, and woe-beguiled.

"My limbs like rose's tendrils round

Thy frame will twine in love;

My lips regaled with wine of joy

Will grief and gloom remove."

* * * * *

Her laughter like to silver bells;

Her teeth of ivory white;

Her bosom sweet as perfumed down;

Her eyes of beaming light!

These ever haunt me where I roam,
 Like dreams of peace in pain;
 Like cooling draughts to fevered lips;
 Like some forgotten strain.

And why, when Grief with grimy shroud
 Smothers one like death,
 Should not one seek that rocky shade,
 And drink that love-lipped breath?

NAILED TO THE CROSS

Americans of the Twentieth Century are practically nailed to the cross of our social system with the spikes of keeping up appearances.

Keeping up appearances has become a dominant factor in our lives and is the direct result of more heart ache, more sorrow and more financial disaster than any other policy that vitalizes the life of our nation. It has become the arbiter of our destiny and the power behind the throne in private as well as national life. The logical truth of the matter is that we are devoting the best of our energies to looking well in the eyes of the public instead of developing the life of the individual and building up a character that will be a stronghold against the shams and pretenses of modern society. There is no other country in the world that boasts of its freedom as does America and on high days we congregate in parks and public places while the silver-tongued orator who has been engaged for the occasion tells us what a glorious thing it is to be free. He enlarges upon the patriotic achievements of our forefathers and he tells us of the emancipation of the black man, winding up with a glowing tribute to our nation's dead, while our eyes fill with unshed tears and our hearts throb with the patriotism of being an American citizen. Before the crowd disperses we look into the blue above and sing until the heavens reverberate "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing," and yet how few among us know the meaning of personal liberty in its fullest sense or have the courage of our convictions to do our own thinking and to live within our incomes, saving something for the inevitable rainy day.

Extravagance is our national curse and is the keynote to a good deal of the slavery that we have imposed upon ourselves. The longing for personal freedom is implanted in every human heart, but its attainment is impossible unless the individual whose happiness is at stake will assert his independence along all vital issues that concern his life. Experience thus obtained is often of the bitterest, but in a sense it is a great educator, for it teaches us to assess the opinions of humanity at their true valuations and in this way we learn to stand on our own feet and then to walk alone, which is an immense step towards progression and freedom. Circumstances and that intangible something called destiny are often beyond our control, but we can if we will bring thought enough to bear on these forces. Keep them from entirely dominating the life that was given us for the highest expression of our being by the creative power of the universe. What we need is the ability to live our-lives in any position in which we are placed regardless of what the public in general may think upon the subject. And we certainly need the indomitable courage to say if I cannot afford a thing I'll do without it. There is a growing tendency in this country to allow a number of women and a few men who constitute our social set to conform precious lives to their ideals and standards and the result is that we as a nation are addicted to all the fads and follies in existence, our glorious independence is never displayed except on Fourth of July, and then it is more a question of noise and explosion than anything else. Many of our brightest young men have started out in life with the most promising careers, only to be caught in the meshes of forgery and embezzlement as a consequence of striving to keep up appearances in the eyes of society. The victim is condemned by the public and convicted by a jury and cast out upon the great sea of failures, a human derelict to drift with the tide of indifference, friendless and alone, through life. We call him a criminal, but we never apply any such harsh term to the system that has made him what he is. The shame of it all to think that we, strong nation that we are, have not the pride and determination to rise up in our might and cast aside what we know to be false and live in the ever present now a life of higher ideals and purer standards.

FLORENCE M. LAURENCE.

GENERAL SMITH IN THE PHILIPPINES

By VICTOR ROBINSON.

Oh, to be a hero proud,
 And have men call me great,
 When with the shriek of bullets loud,
 Lands will I desolate!

With death the brownies will I mate,
 And make the cannon roar;
 I'll slay with patriotic hate,
 Those I've not seen before.

Now, by my gory mighty host,
 So many men shall bleed,
 That Father, Son and Holy Ghost
 Will bless me for my deed!

Exultingly the men we'll kill,
 And women we will rape,
 As on we march from hill to hill,
 And sail from cape to cape.

And I will shoot all over ten,
 And crush rebellion sure,
 By torturing the bolo-men
 With Hell-Jake's water-cure.

Oh, the land will be reeking red,
 When my brave soldiers fire,
 The land will be full of the dead,
 And grief in ev'ry shire.

And I will be a hero proud,
 All men will call me great,
 When with the shriek of bullets loud,
 Homes will I desecrate.

MY ROSE

By GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

Sweet little rose! Abide with me,—
 On me thy fragrance sweet bestow,—
 The cold wind flung thee on my heart;
 I fain would all thy beauty see
 But will not pluck thy leaves apart.
 A rose thou art—a perfect rose,—
 The subtle changes of thy love
 To me the secret shall disclose,
 And thus thy nature fully proves.

Let no rude wind of doubt, or dread
 Disturb thee in thy haven here:
 On this fond bosom lay thy head,
 Oh, may it grow to thee more dear,
 The more the wintry blast may blow—
 The closer cling to this fond breast;
 And never leave thy place of rest.

THE MUSIC-FILLED AIR

BY H. BEDFORD JONES.

The music-filled air

Trembles and quivers all about me;
Sometimes I feel it, I feel it throbbing lightly and beautifully,
And it strikes within me to the deeps of my soul.

O music-filled air!

In thee are all the beauties that flowed from the souls of Donizetti, Verdi,
Mozart, all who felt thy influence!

Thou art the Orpheus of old, thou art the souls of all sweet singers who
have passed away!

Though none else know you, I still know, and I sing to you, O Air!

The earth-music pulses in thee, all the delicate harmony of Nature;
The tall trees with their mighty branches and tender buds;
The sweet songs of the birds;
The bursting flowers, the grass;
The long golden fields of wheat;
All these, whispering, sing through thee, O passion-filled air!
Thou art vibrating all about me, about everyone,
O sweet harmony of all things!

MONEY SHARK

You are all absorbed in gaining
Money, money, more and more,
Mind and muscle overstraining
To increase sufficient store;
Crushing, killing every yearning
For the larger things of life,
In your greed for money earning
And abnormal, selfish strife.

Dollars is your only daylight,
Dollars e'en your nightly sleep,
You've no eyes but where you may sight
Dollars to enlarge your heap;
Your own life and that of others
To that purpose you evolve,
For you, love of country, brothers,
Must itself to coin resolve.

For you, charm of nature, flowers,
Is the shining dollar mark,
And artistic beauty, powers,
To that standard e'er must hark.
Naught for you has valuation
But in dollars and in cents,
You would coin the whole creation
To money pile immense.

—PETER FANDEL.

About Books

The new month has brought with it another large harvest of socialistic and advanced thought literature. Publishing houses are springing up all over the country, and the average reader would think that it seems impossible, almost, to imagine how they all survive. But when we realize how rapidly the people are growing out of the old foggy ideas and customs, it is easy to see that it is simply a case of demand and supply.

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The average reader cares very little for heavy literature during the summer months. Books on philosophy get "a day off," while the lighter stuff "gets its work in," and the rush has been along this line.

A book of this type is "The Elder Brother," by C. L. Brewer. It is a charming little romance in four chapters, The Blade, The Ear, The Full Corn, The Bread of Life, and tells in a simple style the story of a young farmer boy with a bright but sleeping intellect, who tried the various progressive movements of the time, afterwards giving them up and living his own life sweetly and nobly in the town of his birth. The climax of the story is his marriage to the girl of his early manhood.

The book is just out and may be had in paper binding at 25 cents or in cloth 50 cents, by addressing The To-Morrow Publishing Company. A cloth bound copy with a year's subscription for \$1.25 to To-MORROW magazine.

Two books that are again coming into popularity are "The Persian Pearl" and "Resist Not Evil," by Clarence S. Darrow, now defending Moyer and Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners, at Boise, Idaho. While having written several books Mr. Darrow has made a success as a lawyer.

"The Persian Pearl" is a beautiful volume of essays on art and literature. "Resist Not Evil," as the title indicates, is a volume of essays supporting the doctrine of non-resistance. In the preface of the book the author writes: "It has been my purpose to state the reasons which appeal to me in support of the doctrine of non-resistance, rather than to give authorities to sustain the theories advanced. Still, I believe that the student who is interested in the subject of criminology, and wishes to carefully investigate crime and punishment, will find the most of the great historians, philosophers, and thinkers will amply corroborate the views herein set forth, as to the cause of crime, and the evil and unsatisfactory results of punishment." "The Persian Pearl" sells at \$1.25 and "Resist Not Evil" at \$1, this office.

Other books that are keeping up their end on "The To-Morrow Shelf" are "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, and "Universal Kinship" and "Better World Philosophy," by J. Howard Moore. Each writer is in the forefront in his line, one telling about things as they are, and the other seeing through it all in the light of evolution. See our special offers.

"Morning Echoes," by H. Edward Morgan, of Denver, Colo., is a beautiful book of verses, some descriptive, while the greater number breathe the spirit

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of unrest, manifested among "the horny handed sons of toil."

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"The Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies," By Paul Lafargue. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. The first study in this book is the most famous of all Lafargue's works. It is a satire on the "Right to Work," which in 1848 was asserted as a demand on the part of the working class. Lafargue shows that what the laborers would demand if they had more sense is not more work but more of the things that their work produces. A free translation of this essay, somewhat expurgated and softened by the translator, Dr. Harriet E. Lothrop, is issued in the shape of a ten-cent pamphlet. This translation is for those who wish to have just what Lafargue said in his own inimitable way. With it are printed "Socialism and the Intellectuals," "The Woman Question," "The Bankruptcy of Capitalism," "The Rights of the Horse and the Rights of Man," and "The Socialist Ideal." Lafargue can make the driest subjects interesting, but in this book he treats of subjects which are, to use Bernard Shaw's phrase, decidedly "succulent."

The book is in the Standard Socialist Series, and is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 264 Kinzie street, Chicago, at 50 cents. It will lead you to think.

Another book of the same series is "Capitalist and Laborer," by John Spargo. It is a reply to Prof. Goldwin Smith. Part two in the same volume, "Modern Socialism," is a reply to W. H. Mallock.

The progress of socialist thought is beginning to force the defenders of capitalism to make some serious attempt at meeting our arguments. The most notable of these attempts in recent years are those of Prof. Goldwin Smith, the veteran scholar and economist of Canada, and W. H. Mallock, the accomplished English essayist and satirist. To any student who is sincerely in doubt as to the claims of socialism, we advise a reading of the attacks by these writers with John Spargo's reply. This reply will be easily understood without a full reading of their arguments, since these are in the main a repetition of the objections to socialism with which the capitalist newspapers are filled. Spargo's style is delightfully simple and direct, and the book will make excellent propaganda.

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To the church goer who is growing out of the old foolish idea of atonement, the supernaturalsness of Jesus, etc., we would recommend the reading of "The Doom of Dogma," by Henry Frank. It is not the cry of a man soured on orthodox religion, but the frank confessions of a very successful preacher who could not stand to prostitute his mind with ignorance and superstition.

In the introduction of the book the author says: "The dawn of a new era is at hand. The mind of man is disenthralled. The dense ignorance which once enclosed him like the gloom of primeval forests is scattered by the shafts of light which penetrate it. Knowledge is now the compass men seek to guide them across the sea of discovery. Faith is no longer the needle men trust to lead them where Reason refuses to follow. Authority resides not in creed, a revelation, or priest.

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July Magazines

There are so many good magazines published that it is a difficult matter for the average reader to select just what ones he should read. For those in doubt as to what ones to purchase (one cannot buy them all before deciding what he wants) we would suggest that he sit down and think of his ideals, what knowledge he most needs, then go with a definite purpose to get what he thinks he should have.

This method will often avoid the buying of a lot of uncared for literature, and our reading and study habit will become more systematic, and the results will tell in our method of thinking and acting. There must be system if we would think reasonably.

The July "New Thought" comes out with some good stuff. Ralph E. Sammons, formerly assistant editor of this publication, has an article on "Through College on Fifty Cents a Week." Besides there are other good articles on "What I Think of American Civilization," by Kiichi Kamoko, the Japanese writer and poet; "The Art of Life," by Horatio W. Dresser. Prof. Landone's articles on "Brain Building" are as interesting as ever, and Miss Sherman's talks on Emerson are good. Miss Wells' crispy advice in the different departments make "New Thought" a magazine worth while.

The "Nautilus" for July is as good as ever. The articles are full of hope. Edwin Markham, the poet of the Brotherhood of Man, has been writing some beautiful lyrics. The current issue contains one "On Music" that is full of beauty. Mr. Markham sees the coming of the newer day and he pours forth the prophecy in song. Dr. Watson's series of articles, "How to Live the Wholesome Life," are among the best things in the magazine.

The "Cosmopolitan Magazine" for July contains several articles that are alone worth the price of the publication. "Spinners in the Dark" is a story of the child slavery in the weaving mills of the United States, by Edwin Markham. It is true and terrible. It will do you good to read it. "The Seven Kings of Mexico," by Charles E. Russel, tells how President Diaz outwitted the money kings of the United States in preventing them gaining control of the railroads of Mexico. "The Work and the Worker," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, rings true with the touch of brotherhood.

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"Health Magazine," published by the Health Publishing Company, New York, has some very interesting articles for July. Dr. Carr's "Medical Talk for the Home" contains a good article on "Christian Science and Insurance." "Eugenics and Corsets," by Mrs. I. M. Row, should be read by every woman in the United States. Other articles, "The Preparation of Food," by Robert Walter, M. D., and Prof. Anthony Barker on "Physical Culture," are very interesting.

"The Public," edited by Louis F. Post, Chicago, is still as strong as ever in its battering against the present "System." It contains some good articles for July. Comrade Post is one of us. He's real.

"Humanity," edited by Clifford Greve, of St. Louis, is a magazine given almost entirely to editorials and they are fine. The thinker can find much benefit in Comrade Greve's stuff.

"Mother Earth" is another magazine worth while. The current issue contains a series of articles on "The Democracy of Walt Whitman" that should be read by every freethinker. We all love "Old Walt." "Mother Earth" has the touch of nature in its columns.

"The Optimist" is a magazine devoted to the philosophy of the omnipresent good. It is published by the Metaphysical Club, Boston, Mass. It's a happy little publication.

"The Humanitarian Review" is bulging over with interesting stuff for July. "Where Freethinkers Are at Fault," by D. H. Steadman; a series of articles on "A Future Life," by Singleton W. Davis, and a "Reply to Maddock on the Teleo-Mechanics of Nature," by H. Wettstein. The "Review" is among the "Think Magazines."

"Wilshire's Magazine" is still pounding away and its influence is spreading like fire over a prairie. The July issue contains some up-to-date editorials on "An Eternity of Prosperity," "Blinding Our Children," and "The Trust Enigma," by Wilshire himself. The old man strikes straight from the shoulder. John R. McMahon, Wilshire's staff correspondent at the Boise trial, writes on "Haywood's Trial a Historic Landmark." It is a powerful article and should be read by every freethinker in the country.

"The Balance" is one of the good magazines of the month. It is full of hope. The July issue contains some unusually good stuff. "The Poets Knew It Long Ago," by Mila Tupper Maynard, is full of thought. "Man, the Result of Crime," in the same issue, is very interesting.

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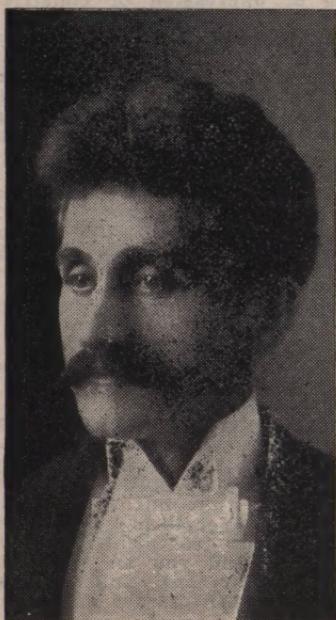
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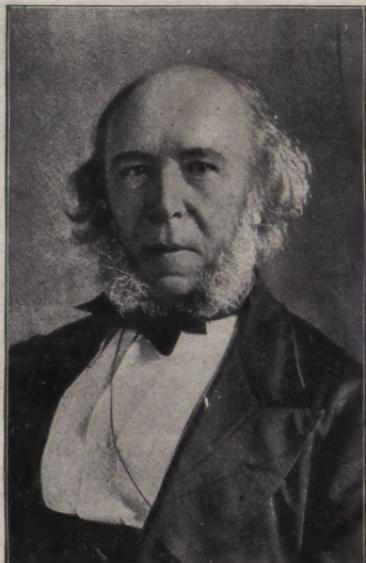
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